

The Listener

and
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The head of one of four carved figures of Rameses II on the great rock temple at Abu Simbel in Egyptian Nubia. Mr. L. P. Kirwan's talk on 'Saving Nubia's Past from the Flood' is on page 491

Sir Anthony Eden answers questions

An interview with Blair Fraser

East and West Berlin

Two points of view

Radio in the United States

By Jack Gould

The Police and the Judge

By C. J. Hamson

Symbol and Image—II

By Sir Russell Brain

'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian'

By L. D. Ettlinger

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The Listener

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An Interview with Sir Anthony Eden

The former Prime Minister answers questions from BLAIR FRASER*

Blair Fraser: Sir Anthony, you have had close personal contact with the conduct of foreign affairs for—what, thirty years? What major differences strike you in the way that foreign affairs are carried on now compared with then?

Sir Anthony Eden: It has become much more involved and complicated. The old League of Nations was not a bad body. It did well in its way: small council, the foreign secretaries always there, and then of course Europe dominating very much, the United States not being a member, Russia only coming in late, you in Canada all being there, the Commonwealth with their own seats—awfully important valuable contacts one used to get out of that. Yet the pace even then was slower than now, and the complications much less. Look at the number of countries we have now, what is it, what have we got in the United Nations, something like eighty isn't it? It multiplies. It is inevitable.

Fraser: Do you think perhaps the machinery has got too cumbersome?

Eden: I think it is awfully difficult to handle—very difficult for the top people. The amount of stuff they have to read, the telegrams they have to read—it's voluminous; and yet you must read all your telegrams.

Fraser: Is there any feasible change?

Eden: I don't think so. You have to do it as Foreign Secretary if you are really going to keep your finger on things.

Fraser: So there is really no way out of this trap?

Eden: I think it's very tough at the top now, for the big countries. And of course the big change since the nineteen-thirties is the rise of the United States and Russia to their very influential

positions. But I have a feeling, which would be good for everybody, that Europe is coming up again now. Europe is prosperous, which is very good. We are getting on better together, which is very good. And the old European Continent still has a lot it can give to this troubled world, I think.

Fraser: That leads me directly to the next point I wanted to bring up. You are regarded as being to some extent the father of post-war summit meetings; you organized the meeting about Indo-China in 1954. What are your views and feelings about the summit meetings now impending: about what should be discussed, and what concessions made, if any?

Eden: That's a big question and of course it is the topic at the moment. Personally I think a summit meeting can be useful, and especially when you are dealing with people, as you are with the Russians, where the authority is almost exclusively at the summit, as far as one can judge. Therefore, unless you get the people who have the responsibility at the meeting, your chances of progress are less good. It's a strange thing: I suppose every Prime Minister, every Foreign Secretary, thinks he is better at personal contacts than any other Prime Minister—that's only human nature. That leads a lot of people to say, 'Oh, let's go back to the old diplomacy, and let's not have these personal contacts'. But I don't think you can avoid them myself, even if you wanted to. In the modern day you have got to have them. After all, they started a long time ago, with Castlereagh after the Napoleonic Wars. So if we agree we must have them, then the question is what sort of agenda you work for; and there I have only one cautionary note I would like to put in. I would

* First broadcast by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on December 17; rebroadcast in B.B.C. television on February 20

say it would be a mistake to have a summit on one fairly restricted topic only—for example, Berlin.

Fraser: No, but in negotiations on the problems of Europe, Berlin naturally emerges as a major one. How could it be treated; how could concessions on Berlin be balanced off against concessions elsewhere?

Eden: I don't think you can treat Berlin except as part of the German problem, and indeed probably part of the European problem as a whole. May I tell you about our Berlin Conference?

Fraser: Yes.

Eden: We had a conference in Berlin which many people will naturally have forgotten by now, in early 1954. We had an agenda then which was Germany, Austria—then still occupied by Russia—and possible discussions about Far Eastern matters, not to be held in Berlin, but perhaps to be arranged at Berlin. That last item came on the agenda as we worked. We had long discussions on Germany—we got absolutely nowhere. We had long discussions on Austria, to which the Austrians were invited—again, we got absolutely nowhere. All we achieved, if you can call it achievement, was to arrange a meeting at Geneva about the Far East, which eventually led to the Indo-China settlement in which you in Canada helped us so much. Those were the three headings, and we left thinking we had accomplished absolutely nothing. We were close together, the West, but we thought we had failed. And, as you may remember, three or four months afterwards the Russians suddenly made an arrangement with the Austrians about their forces, and came to an agreement to withdraw.

Fraser: That, of course, seemed one of the great post-war miracle settlements, but can you even conceive of any such miracle in 1960, any such step that could be taken now?

Eden: I think one of the fundamental difficulties of this situation, which we cannot escape from, is the position of the satellite countries. I feel that we all have a responsibility about that, in the sense that if we cannot do anything to help these people—who, after all, were all promised at Yalta free elections, which they have never had—then we have got to be very, very careful we don't do anything to make their position less good than it is now.

Fraser: To shackle the chain on the satellite countries.

Eden: If you put it that way. I couldn't quarrel with the description, I think.

The Soviet Union and Laos

Fraser: Do you think the Soviet Union is playing any role at the present time in, for example, the border difficulties in Laos?

Eden: Of course that arose in something I had to deal with in the Geneva Conference of 1954. We got these agreements with very, very great difficulty, and on the whole they have held perhaps better than I feared they might. It is quite a while ago and I know there are certain signs of difficulties in Laos and elsewhere; still the thing more or less has held, and this kind of protective pad we attempted to build has worked. The Russians certainly played a part, I think it is fair to say, at Geneva, which was a helpful one. We had this curious arrangement: Molotov and I were joint chairmen of the Conference, so much of the burden, as it were, of discussion, fell between us two; I would deal with some of our people, and he would do it for the Chinese; and also we dealt directly; but still we were joint chairmen, and I have no doubt that Molotov did what he felt he could to rub off some of the most obvious sharp angles. I don't say that he differed from the Chinese, but I would think the Russian influence, so far as it was used, was used towards getting an agreement, towards persuading the Chinese to agree—put it like that.

Fraser: Speaking of the Geneva Conference, what sort of person is the Chinese Prime Minister, Chou En-lai?

Eden: A very able man and a very tough negotiator. Our first meetings went pretty badly. They were very harsh. Gradually they became less so, and I think so far as personal grounds went we understood each other. He is a man of considerable education, as you know, and I think he spent some of his time in France.

Fraser: Was that your first meeting with him?

Eden: That was my first meeting. My first two actual meetings were very tough, I must say, and not agreeable. He showed

pretty strong feelings against the West, and against the United States in particular. Gradually, I think, personal relations were a lot better, but he is a very able spokesman for his country's side. At the same time he made some concessions; if he hadn't we would not have got the agreement.

Fraser: I take it from what you say then that you do not regard China as any mere satellite of the Soviet Union?

Eden: No, no I'm sure that's not true. And many times, even as far back as the Geneva Conference, the Russians kept saying to me: 'You must understand that the Chinese in no sense obey what we say'. In fact there was an occasion with Molotov, when he said: 'I read in the newspapers that you and the United States are not agreeing; I do not believe it'. I said: 'That's very wise of you; because you'd be wrong'. He said: 'I'm sure it isn't true. Equally', he said, 'sometimes you will read that we and the Chinese don't agree—you shouldn't always believe it'. So it's very difficult really to know what goes on now.

Fraser: On the other hand, although I am sure that the press reports about Anglo-United States disagreements are often wrong, they have occasionally been right.

Eden: Oh yes.

Differences within the Western Alliance

Fraser: What is your assessment of the points of difference at the moment among the nations of the Western Alliance?

Eden: I should have thought—as far as Europe goes—there are difficulties to be settled no doubt before the summit comes, but I would not have thought they were by any means matters that cannot be ironed out between us. I would not have thought so.

Fraser: Speaking of differences between Britain and the United States, differences within the Western Alliance, the one that leaps to everybody's mind took place three years ago in the events at Suez. How do you feel now, looking back, about the role the United States played?

Eden: Well, may I say something first about the role I think we played? In international affairs, it is so difficult, isn't it, to see what would have happened if something had not been done? That is always difficult—you can't tell. Now, I belong to the generation brought up in the first war, I went all through the nineteen-thirties, I was Foreign Secretary when the Rhineland was occupied. I saw all that chapter which unrolled until the second world war: and has it struck you how curious it is that, more or less from the moment of the seizure of the Canal, we and the French, and some other people—statesmen who have been through this business before, like Spaak—took a very grave view of that event? And I suggest to you the reason was because we had been through, as we thought, all this kind of thing before—an international engagement being torn up and the consequences that flowed from it. Our American friends had not been through it, in anything like the same sense that we had. They were not concerned with the Rhineland, they were not concerned with the Austrian events. They were concerned, but at a distance, not closely, not as closely as you were, for instance. But we who'd seen that unrolling chapter—Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, so unpleasantly like Tibet in certain ways today, and finally Poland—thought we had to try to do something to see it didn't happen again.

Fraser: Isn't there this difference, though, Sir Anthony, that in the case of the nineteen-thirties, the treaties were being torn up by a man who was in effective command of one of the strongest armies of the world, and in the case of Egypt you had a power that was militarily negligible?

Eden: I don't think that. Looking back on it, it would seem that Germany, at the time of the occupation of the Rhineland, was not a great military power. She was hardly indeed a great military power at all. Even when she went into Austria she was not a great military power. She was a growing military power. And those of us who, for instance, were against Munich, would argue that during the year after Munich, when Germany had control of the Skoda Works in Czechoslovakia, she did probably more in the way of rearmament than France and Britain did, with the free democracies working more or less on a peace-time basis. I am quite sure that if anybody had tried in the West, and really taken active steps in the West, say, to stop Hitler over the Rhine-

land (the mood in this country was entirely the other way—but supposing we had) there would have been many more exclamations than there were over Suez. And power does not depend entirely on military force; it also may depend on your geographical strategic position.

Fraser: What, though, did you expect to achieve by the British intervention in Suez?

Eden: By the actual intervention I expected to achieve two things, one of which I think undoubtedly we did achieve, thanks very largely to what Canada did: that was the creation of an international force, which I am glad to say is still there and doing a useful function. I have always thought United Nations ought to have an international force, it is no new sudden thing. It is in the Charter: when we were at San Francisco, both Stettinius and I and the French wanted to get that force created. The Russians never would join in, and there is no force. I think it is a pity: I still think there should be. That was one result we got. And I think the other result was that the conflict remained localized, which was probably a very fortunate thing.

Fraser: The British landing at Port Said though, as I recall, came after a cease-fire had been voted by the United Nations and accepted by both Israel and Egypt. . . .

Eden: No, it had not been accepted at the time we landed. It was accepted shortly after. It was after it was accepted by both sides that we ceased our forward march down the Canal, for which, of course, we have had a certain amount of criticism.

Fraser: But it is a fact, is it not, that the British landing purporting to aim at separating the combatants actually did not come between the combatants but . . . ?

Eden: I could argue on that. The difficulty is that you cannot land except where you are able to land. I mean you cannot land forces in the desert: you have to have a port to land at. That's one of the difficulties. It is quite true geographically that it was not set between the two, except that the Israelis were very near the Canal, if not on the Canal, by the time we got there. However, I don't think you want to go into all the details of this?

Fraser: No, I suppose not. You have had a great deal to do with Stalin from time to time. What did you think of him as a human being?

Eden: Yes, I was the first British minister to go to Russia



Mr. Anthony Eden, as Foreign Secretary, after an informal meeting with Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, during the Geneva Conference of 1954: an interpreter sits between them

after the Revolution, and that was back in 1935. That was the first time I met Stalin, and of course I met him many times during the war. I went there in 1941, at a very bad time in the war—an awful journey round the North Cape. The Germans were near Moscow, and I was much impressed with Stalin then. I always have been, in his qualities as a negotiator. I think he was an oriental despot in many ways. He came from the Caucasus as you know, but he had a tremendous power of quiet concentration, and was exactly the opposite to the popular conception of a dictator—storming about and shouting. He hardly ever raised his voice, which I thought rather formidable. He was a very formidable negotiator.

Fraser: Do you think that in the closing years of his life some deterioration took place?

Eden: It may well be so. The last time I saw him was at Potsdam, and then when Sir Winston's government fell I never met him again; so I don't know. But up to that time he didn't miss much. He never missed a trick at the negotiating table, never.

Fraser: I was thinking of the startling revelations that Khrushchev made in that famous speech to the twentieth Party Congress, when he told them about the closing years of Stalin's life. Was this astonishing to you?

Eden: It was indeed, yes. But somebody who knew the workings of the Communist Party in Russia very well—it wouldn't be fair to say who—once said to me: 'One is always astonished here, and I begin to think that the only way to work it out is to think what I expect Communist Russia to do, and then guess she'll do the opposite'. There's something in it, sometimes.

Fraser: What about Stalin's successor, Mr. Khrushchev? You have had a good deal to do with him, too.

Eden: Yes, I didn't know either him or Bulganin in the war, so I didn't meet them until we were at Geneva. And then they asked me whether I would visit Moscow, and I said I had been to Moscow a great many times, and I thought if anybody was to do some travelling perhaps they would, to which they said yes—I must admit a little to my surprise, though I had prepared for the possibility. So I asked them to London, and they came, Bulganin and Khrushchev, and that was their first overseas visit in Europe. And I am sure it was useful. We had nearly ten days of exhaustive talks, and they saw something of the



Sir Anthony Eden, as Prime Minister, making a speech of welcome to the Russian leaders, Mr. Bulganin (left) and Mr. Khrushchev, on their arrival in London in 1956

country; and that process has been useful all through. I think it is a good thing that these people should go abroad. But one oughtn't to imagine it is going to change their politics or their policies.

Fraser: Do you think it changes their personal opinions about the rest of the world?

Eden: It could do. And they may understand a bit more how people live in the free world: that we are not all oppressed by some terrific industrial magnate who sits on all our heads, or something. I once went to a modern ballet in Russia, I remember, with Litvinov, which was all about politics, and there was an enormous man, looking like a Michelin tyre advertisement, almost dominating the whole stage, and I said 'What on earth's that?' And Litvinov was rather embarrassed and said: 'I think it represents a capitalist'. Well, it's a good thing that they should know we are not all like that.

Fraser: I have asked you about Stalin but you also saw a great deal during the war at critical moments of that other towering figure of the second world war, President Roosevelt. What is your personal appraisal of him?

Eden: I think all of my countrymen had great respect and affection for President Roosevelt. He is a figure like most great political figures, who look sometimes different from abroad to what he looks at home; and you in Canada and I know he is a great subject of controversy at home. But so far as we were concerned, he was a good ally to us in a very difficult period, and he never lost heart or faith in the ability of your country and mine, and the few that were with us, to come through, which was the big thing.

Fraser: What about his successor, President Truman, who turned up so unexpectedly at Potsdam?

Eden: I thought he did very well. It was a very difficult position, wasn't it, to plunge in suddenly into this great authority, when you had not been handling the thing at all? I thought Truman in that and in Korea showed remarkable courage. I should think many Englishmen, and perhaps Canadians too, would regard him as characteristic of some of the best American qualities.

Fraser: He has been described as the most underestimated statesman of the twentieth century.

Eden: Well, that may be true. Another man I much admired—I am very sorry he died recently—General Marshall: a very

self-effacing man whose contribution to victory was tremendous.

Fraser: May I ask you about another American recently dead, John Foster Dulles?

Eden: Oh, certainly. Of course we did a great deal of work together, Foster and I. It would be foolish to pretend that we always agreed, but he had given a tremendous part of his life to this study of international affairs, and I was very sad indeed at his death so early.

Fraser: Would you describe his career as Secretary of State as a success?

Eden: Yes, I suppose so—I think we are rather early to the date to assess that, don't you, so soon afterwards? The American statesmen I have had to deal with are many: I have always found them good to deal with, Acheson one of them. Sometimes with Dulles my difficulty—probably more my fault than his—was to be quite sure where I was with him, put it like that, what the meaning was. I felt that more with him than I felt with some others, but he certainly was a dedicated man to his task.

Fraser: Now, Sir Anthony, if I could give you a sort of summing up question to conclude: what do you feel are the major problems and the major tasks for diplomacy at this time?

Eden: It's a big question, isn't it? What, if anything, can we do to meet the tension there now is, or the differences there now are, the hostilities that now exist taking so many forms and subversion and so on in different parts of the world; can we resolve that? When we go into negotiation I am all for talking to people—and have got to do that—but when you are negotiating you must be so careful, I think, to distinguish between appeasement and peace. As I see it, appeasement means trying to get some temporary arrangement, perhaps at the expense of confidence in the future, perhaps even at the expense of respect for agreements in the future, to get you round an awkward corner. That is a constant temptation and it is one that I think must be resisted. Whereas peace means, in your negotiations and the work you do, you are strengthening the existing foundations of international confidence. Put it another way: if I had a grievance against the United Nations today, it would be that it is too much concerned with the avoidance of war only, and not enough concerned with maintaining confidence in international agreements upon which in the end peace depends.

Between Two Worlds

ERIK NOHARA interviews young men from West and East Berlin

Erik Nohara: Every week, from both east and west, several hundred thousand Germans travel across the iron curtain—a curtain which, as far as Berlin is concerned, fortunately is rather loosely knit. They go on foot; they take the underground or elevated railways, or use their private cars. All of them are called *Grenzgänger* or 'frontier crossers', but they are really travellers between two worlds. Among them are tens of thousands who are still economically integrated in the other part of the city from that in which they live. Every day, some 40,000 East Berliners go to their places of employment in the Western sector of the city—mostly skilled workers in the West Berlin heavy industries or seamstresses working in the flourishing textile trade. On the other hand, only 13,000 West Berliners are still working in the East, many as employees of the East German railways. Their wages are paid in one currency but they have to spend this income in the other currency valid in their own part of the town. So they have to exchange their money; but how is the rate of exchange fixed if there is hardly any trade between East and West, if there is no integrated market for the two currencies which could regulate the exchange rate automatically? Nevertheless, two almost permanent rates do exist. In the West Berlin banks and exchange bureaux it is still approximately four East marks to one West mark. The state banks in East Berlin trade one East mark for one West mark. The actual rate of exchange, for all practical purposes, amounts to one West mark for four East marks.

What are the consequences of this for employees who work in one currency area and live in the other? The high exchange rate listed in the West Berlin banks tempts thousands of East Berliners and East Germans, especially older people, to work illegally in the West. Except for their employers, almost everyone in the West tries to get rid of them because they evade taxes and are guilty of wage dumping. This dislike or even hatred does not hold true, however, for the hundreds of thousands of East Germans and East Berliners who daily come to West Berlin to do shopping or to go to a cinema or theatre. On the main arteries, right at the border, one can find numerous wooden stalls and shops where housewives can buy low-priced detergents, overalls, or shoes, and where teddy boys can buy Texas shirts.

The West German Government magnanimously caters for the cultural needs of the people from the East. Thanks to these subsidies, an East Berlin or East German can get into a West Berlin cinema, theatre, museum, centre of education, concert hall or library by paying the same entrance fee in East marks as the West Berliner would have to spend in Western currency. In the past year, for example, some 11,000,000 cinema tickets have been sold to people producing East German identity cards. In this same period, according to an East German statistical handbook, not more than 13,000,000 tickets were sold at East Berlin cinemas. This goes to show that the average East Berliner is almost as often at the West Berlin cinema as in his own cinema round the corner.

In the same field the East German authorities provide for indirect subsidies. They are well aware that the average West Berliner is not likely to exchange his valuable West marks at the rate of one for one in East Berlin, in order to go to a theatre or to visit a museum, if he has the opportunity to get four East marks from a West Berlin money-lender. However, there are no exact figures available. Most of these Berlin theatres are sold out weeks in advance. This might indicate that there are thousands of West Berliners who exploit the favourable rate of exchange in order to see the Peking opera or Brecht's *Galileo Galilei*. Two West marks for a seat in the second row of the stalls obviously have a stronger attraction than the potential misgivings or uneasiness associated with a visit to East Berlin.

I am going to introduce here two Berliners—one from the Eastern sector, the other from the West. They have only one thing in common: for different reasons, they both belong to the group of people who regularly cross the border, the great divide between two worlds.

West Berliner: I am not a frontier crosser proper. I live in West Berlin and I am a student of political science at the free university there. So why do I regularly cross over to the Eastern part of my city? Certainly not because of any Communist inclinations. Actually, I am a member of the S.P.D.—the German Social Democrat Party, and this is also the main reason why I belong to the 'travellers between the two worlds' club. Because of the four-power arrangement on Berlin agreed upon after the end of the war, the S.P.D. in East Berlin is even today allowed to operate in an atmosphere of semi-legality. I think the East German authorities would have squashed the S.P.D. in East Berlin long ago had it not been for the fact that these very same four-power agreements also provide for the unfettered existence in West Berlin of the East German F.A.D. or Socialist Unity Party as it is called. The Communists are well aware that any attempt to eliminate the Social Democrat organization in the East of the city would evoke an immediate ban of the F.A.D. in the West.

So at least once every week I am liable to get a call from our West Berlin party headquarters asking me to lecture on some political question at the East Berlin district meeting of the S.P.D. Before I leave home, I carefully check whether I have my identity card, party membership card, and some East marks with me. I take the underground or elevated railway to the East, armed with some notes and newspaper clippings.

These meetings take place either in the district offices of the party or in the back room of a pub. Sometimes it is rather difficult to find the locality right away, especially during winter time when it is already pitch dark at 7.0 p.m. Once I was so completely lost that I asked a passer-by the way. 'Just follow me, comrade, we are going to the same place', I was told. As we walked, we began to chat. After a while I began to wonder who this character was, since he spent most of his time talking about Communist patriots gaoled in Western Germany and about the campaign for their release. Why had he joined the S.P.D. in the first place, I wondered. Finally we arrived at the address that I had been given in West Berlin. On the first floor, he opened a door and made to usher me in. Fortunately I had a quick look first at the huge poster showing Ulbricht shaking hands with Khrushchev. 'Surely we aren't going to meet in this



The Brandenburg Gate, boundary between West and East Berlin. The notice says: 'Warning! You are now leaving West Berlin.'

room?' I gasped. It turned out that my friend had come to a conference of the Communist-run national front in the same building. The S.P.D. meeting was being held on the second floor.

It is a rather odd experience to take part in an S.P.D. meeting in the Eastern part of Berlin. Somehow you feel that it just cannot be true. There may be some thirty-odd people, most of them rather shabbily dressed, obviously just back from a day's work, most of them women between forty and sixty; in the back of the room, two big photographs of Lasalle and Marx. This time, the meeting had not been officially opened, so that the participants stood about in groups exchanging tips about grocery stores where one could get oranges or apples and talking about their holiday plans for the summer. One of them, dressed in the uniform of the city transport company, asked the district secretary why the meeting had not taken place in the restaurant round the corner as it had up to now? There, one had a more cosy atmosphere and could order beer. Had the Communists been putting pressure on the owner again? 'No', said the secretary, 'it was just the other way round'. The proprietor felt that we had not been spending enough on drinks so had leased the room to the local branch of a society under the control of the F.A.D., some of whose members were party bigwigs and usually spent plenty of money.

Then the agenda of the day was adopted. First came the lecture, followed by a discussion, and after this I attended the election of a new treasurer, the last one having recently died; and, finally, any other business. My talk was about an economic problem facing us in the next period. There was no reason to point out that 'us' in this context meant the Social Democratic City Administration in the Western part of the town, because all participants regard themselves as West Berliners—at least, as regards politics. That is only too natural. When election to the City Council is coming up, most of them spend three or four evenings a week in the West, distributing leaflets, taking their share in door-to-door campaigns, and speaking at public meetings.

The election of the new treasurer took more time than originally planned. The party members in this district are almost evenly divided between the right and the left wing so that any election, however unimportant, is bound to take the form of a show of strength between the two groups. I don't think you would find a meeting of this kind anywhere in the Eastern bloc except for East Berlin, but with this people it is just routine. Many of them were already members of the party before Hitler came



The Kurfürstendamm, main shopping centre of West Berlin, by night

to power, so they are used to the humdrum techniques of the democratic process in small groups.

When the meeting is closed, you walk down the stairs: Ulbricht is still shaking hands with Khrushchev on the poster; your Communist guide is probably still listening to a harangue about the subversive influence of Social Democracy and revisionism in the Communist labour movement. You catch the next train West and you somehow have a feeling of immense relief when you cross the frontier again with the neon lights, the street hawkers selling the latest edition of an evening newspaper, and a couple of ladies of the town pacing round the entrance of a juke box dive. You are home again.

In point of fact, this is only one of the two reasons for my regular visits to the East. The second one is of a more private nature. I happen to be engaged to a girl living in the East. She is a student of architecture at the Berlin College for Liberal Arts. Once again, this is nothing unusual. There must be thousands of couples in Berlin facing the same dreary problem. Each rendezvous has to be arranged as carefully as in the age of the horse-drawn mail coach. Once an appointment is made, you can hardly change it. I cannot ring her up unless I incur the expense for a long-distance call routed through Frankfurt and Leipzig. A letter would take at least two or three days, and even a telegram will not be delivered earlier than twenty-four hours after it has been handed in. There is not much use meeting your girl friend in the East unless you are prepared to take some sandwiches along or you are invited to her place, because in the restaurants there are no meals served to West Berliners, even if she would formally be willing to foot the bill for both of us.

There is only one exception to this rule. In the lounges of most theatres, West Berliners are allowed to buy hot dogs, drinks, or cold meals during the interval. Often, however, the supplies run out before the total demand has been satisfied. People know this, so there is an immediate rush to the door the moment the curtain has come down. I am sorry to say that I know some West Berliners who are careful to see that the box office provides them with seats on the end of the row, even if this implies sitting at a rather awkward angle to the stage, just so that they can be sure to be the first at the snack bar. With the exchange rate so favourable, they would say, it would be a shame to miss an opportunity.

My fiancée is not a Communist. Also, she always gets the highest marks in Marxism-Leninism examinations. I don't want to brag, but I think this is the result of my prodding. Studying political science in the West, working half-time in the Institute of Journalism, and browsing regularly through the Eastern news-

papers, you cannot help getting the knack of the Communist vernacular. But she has to be careful not to reveal to any party member at her College that she is 'going steady' with someone from the West. Otherwise, she might one day be called to the registrar and informed that her scholarship is going to be withdrawn. If she pressed for a reason she would be told that the workers' and peasants' state does not intend to support students who in the long run are not going to be of any benefit to the Republic, because of the prospect of their going away after passing their finals and marrying someone from the West.

Marriage, in our case, will present a rather tricky problem, too. My fiancée would never get permission to leave East Berlin legally. Naturally, she is entitled to apply for a sort of immigration visa, but after some months or years, she would get a letter stating that the application had been turned down. And the closing paragraph would, in all likelihood, read something like this: 'However, we would welcome it if your husband should decide to join our ranks. There are innumerable openings for university-trained people in our country and a safe prospect of a wonderful career'. But that would not help us, would it? So there

is no way out for her but to defect and leave most of her property in the East.

Still, I would not want to miss living in Berlin. That may sound paradoxical, considering all the political controversies and crises surrounding this city. But I imagine that this is the only place where the term active coexistence has any practical meaning at all.

Erik Nohara: And now our East Berliner.

East Berliner: You have asked me to give you some glimpses of the life of an East Berlin *Grenzgänger*, of someone who regularly crosses the frontier into West Berlin. There's not much to tell. In the early morning I leave my flat in East Berlin and travel by underground to my place of work in the West. Once I enter the underground, I buy myself an East Berlin morning newspaper. You may wonder why I read a Communist newspaper with all that boring propaganda? In the first place, there are no other newspapers to be had, and I simply have to read something on the train. And there are always at least two or three interesting stories to be found, be it an instalment of a novel by Traven, a report about the launching of a new sputnik, or the 'Letters to the Editor' section. Once they even printed a letter of mine, complaining that the paper hardly ever carried a feature about foreign travels.

In the evening I buy myself a Western evening newspaper which I then read during the ride in the West. Once the underground train enters the Eastern sector I exchange the Western paper for the Communist one: otherwise I might get into trouble with the border policeman or the customs officer who sometimes carries out snap checks on the train. Actually, I have no reason in the world to worry: I have been crossing the border every weekday for the past twelve years and have not been asked to open my bag more than eight or ten times during the whole period.

Some months ago a student in the West, a refugee, asked me to buy some Marxist literature for him which, apparently, you cannot get in the West. It was quite a long list: Lenin, Marx, Plechanov, Mehring. First I was checked by the Eastern customs officer. He cheerfully tapped me on the shoulder and said 'That's good! Marx for the West. That serves our cause'. But then, when I got off the train in the West, I was suddenly stopped by a Western customs officer in plain clothes. The books were confiscated and I was rather fortunate that matters were settled in this way and that my case was only considered as an infringement of customs regulations and not as illegal propaganda, because otherwise I could have been arrested. My wife regularly buys fashion magazines in the West. During one control she turned angrily to the Eastern customs officer and said: 'But surely this

is not political'. The officer, evidently what they call 'a good Marxist', replied: 'I don't know of anything unpolitical'.

These are some of my experiences as a *Grenzgänger*. Apart from some minor details, my life does not differ too much from that of any white-collar worker in a big city. I shy away from politics, even from any type of political talk: it is a luxury I cannot afford. Over there, they will never succeed in turning me into a Communist. They are too dogmatic in the way they try to lay down what people should think, read, and listen to. As for the West, I recently got into an argument with some fellow librarians about the advantages and disadvantages of owning a television set. I mentioned the fact that in Berlin one can have a look at two programmes—one from the West, the other from the D.D.R., the official Communist abbreviation for the East German State. My colleague pounced on my use of the term D.D.R. 'In other words, you no longer believe in reunification—you are just a defeatist'. Never get involved in politics: this is the best you can do. Certainly, reunification would be a sound proposition. But, at the moment, I find all the rhetoric about it adds up to nothing but propaganda. I would prefer people to be less passionate and more rational about everything.

Take my own case as a *Grenzgänger*. Frankly speaking, I am pretty well off. I draw a salary of approximately 500 D-marks. This is a lot of money. A director of a state-owned department store in the East does not earn more. Sometimes I feel somewhat ashamed that I personally profit from the division of our country. But what can I do about it? Since 1948, I have been working at the same public library. At the time I got my job, Berlin was still one city. I would not want to leave the place of work to which I had become so accustomed. Certainly, I could move to the West. Maybe, I would even get a permit from the Eastern authorities to take my furniture with me. But I own a small plot of land in East Germany proper and that is something I could not take with me. It is not much: a wooden two-room summer-house, an orchard with some twenty trees, mostly apple trees. But I would feel unhappy if I could not stay there over the weekend; and if I tried to sell my sort of estate I would get almost nothing for it, with all the regulations about landed property.

I also have to consider my relatives. My mother lives in Dresden. With my East Berlin identity card I can always take a train to Dresden and visit her. As a West Berliner, I would hardly ever get a travel permit. And I could not ask her to come to Berlin, she is too old. How am I supposed to help my mother financially if I move to the West? She would be very hard up if she had to live on her old-age pension alone. It would also affect my brother if I went to the West. He is employed in the East German Ministry of Finance and he has already told me that he would be fired if a close relative of his should decide to defect. So there is nothing I could do, even if I wanted to.

We frontier-crossers are not very much liked either in the West or in the East. We live a rather withdrawn life, my wife, my son, and I. Certainly we had some old friends in the Western part of the city, but now we do not meet them as often as we did previously. They are rather afraid to pay us a visit in the East and it does not look nice if we only go to their place, while they are chary of accepting our invitations.

At least once every fortnight we have a look at a new play, either in the West or in the East, wherever the best is being offered. I suppose that is one of the few positive aspects of the division. And then we pride ourselves on owning a television set. That is a perfect craze with my boy. My son's education is a real problem. He is a member of the East German Youth Organization. Originally I did not want him to join: politics is not my cup of tea. But what was I to do? He pleaded with me over and over again. All his schoolmates are already members because of the social activities offered—excursions, sports, and so on. When he reached the proper age, I tried to enrol him in a West

Berlin primary school, but then I learnt from the police authorities that this would constitute a violation of our East German laws. So now he is having a Communist education.

In the first years, I did not bother to meddle with my boy's homework. Now I always spend some time on it. Recently they have introduced into his school what is called 'polytechnical education'—a method of giving children manual training in industry. That is something we did not know in our days, and it does not exist in the West either. The other day I was with my son and his class in a chemical plant where they are producing plastics. The children enjoyed themselves, finding out how the chemistry learnt at school can also apply to practical purposes. This type of education certainly does not run counter to my intentions.

But the real problem rests with my son's ideological training. Recently, he returned home all excited about the last lesson in biology. The teacher had told them that according to the theories of Darwin and Engels human beings descend direct from apes. Though I contradicted him, he was not to be convinced. 'Human beings', he repeated, 'are the product of a long development from the mono-cell to the multi-cell'. I was in a real quandary. Should I have told him that all he learns at a Communist school is liable to be propaganda and therefore false? I would have to prove it, in the first place, and that would mean delving into biology again, not to speak of all the other fields of education. And the result would be an awful emotional conflict for my son, conflict between his loyalty to me and to his teacher. In the long run he would believe me, but it might cause him to lose all his natural curiosity and turn into a backward pupil, once he assumed that his teacher dished out utter nonsense.

After a while, I told my son that in a way he and his teacher are right, that human beings are indeed of material composition and really evolve in the way his Communist teacher described. But in one decisive point the teacher was wrong, I said. Man was not the product of his own labour but was a creation of God, and it was God's deliberate will that made human beings develop the way they did. This answer still leaves the door open for my son to turn to religion, and it also spares him from conflicts of loyalty.

I do not want to change with anyone. As a *Grenzgänger* between the two worlds, I can pick the best from both West and East and use it for a world of my own. But in the long run it does not work out. It is like living close to an active volcano that can erupt any moment. Whatever happens in the political see-saw about Berlin, affects us *Grenzgänger* immediately.

Erik Nohara: So much for the way my friends from West and East Berlin think. What ought we to hope for? Perhaps Khrushchev and Eisenhower will reach a settlement—but here in Berlin, I wonder.—*Third Programme*



The Stalin-Allee, main street of East Berlin

The Listener

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'Radio' in U.S.A.

BRITISH visitors to the United States are made aware that 'radio', or what we politely call sound broadcasting, still exists. When one steps from a centrally heated house into a centrally heated motor-car—trying to avoid catching cold on the way—one is invariably greeted by a 'singing commercial'. In America, the car and the beach are the great homes of the radio, as well, it seems, as the bath-room and the scullery. Nearly six years ago Jack Gould, the distinguished critic of *The New York Times* was invited by *The B.B.C. Quarterly* to contribute an article which was entitled 'The Survival of Sound Broadcasting in the United States'. He then explained that though some thought it dead, it would not lie down. Indeed he took an optimistic view and wrote: 'There is reason to believe the ultimate consequence of this change may be better radio'. His reasons for this were twofold: first, he thought that much of the mediocre entertainment that had been the staple of American commercial radio—notably mystery plays and 'soap opera'—would now be entirely transferred to television. 'It has been said', he observed, 'that television's chief blow to radio was to steal its mediocrity'. Secondly, he envisaged that with the development of F.M. (frequency modulation) or what we call over here V.H.F. (very high frequency) both commercial and non-commercial stations offering high-standard programmes of music and discussion might be established.

Mr. Gould now contributes an article, which he was invited to write, on the position of American radio today (it is on page 495). Alas, the optimism of yesteryear has scarcely been justified. 'The quality of the sound medium has steadily deteriorated', he says, 'until it is little more than a monotonous box spewing forth musical trash, interminable commercials, and repetitious news bulletins'. The disaster is traced to the 'inexorable needs' of advertising. Much is done by mass production: disks are manufactured of four-minute length to allow room for the 'commercials'; news agencies automatically produce the 'headlines of the news' without the informed comment that used to be the hall-mark of American news broadcasting. The opportunity that sound broadcasting still affords (as it is exemplified over here) for the performance of great music or the serious discussion of topics of the day is largely neglected. Radio too is the child of its own past. For as Mr. Gould wrote in his earlier article: 'Had American radio done a better and more complete job in catering to the minority with an I.Q. above that of an eight-year-old, its readjustment to the advent of television might have been far less severe'.

Mr. Gould still sees a ray of hope in F.M. Some stations on the high frequency band do put out good music, and there are of course a number of highly respected educational stations—sometimes run by universities—although these usually have pitifully small budgets. Many of these stations use recordings supplied by the B.B.C. Ultimately, of course, it is a question of standards. A world that is satisfied—and undoubtedly a great many people are satisfied—to create with the mighty discoveries of science an all-pervading juke-box dedicated to the sale of more and more consumers' goods may well feel that there is, after all, nothing much wrong with American radio.

What They Are Saying

Long-term Communist plans

MOSCOW HOME SERVICE has broadcast a talk by Academician Stanislav Strumilin who declared that Russia is advancing in leaps and bounds 'towards the automatic system of machine-production'. In the future, a new, steady, and greater increase in labour productivity is, therefore, ensured for the Soviet Union. This guarantees a reduction of the working day. More time will remain to society for the improvement of each of its members in creative work and social activity. Strumilin went on:

Under conditions of Communism every worker will spend not more than four hours in obligatory work. Sleeping, eating, and so on will require about ten hours. Everybody will have another ten hours at his full disposal. Of these some four hours could be devoted to reading or other mental work, according to choice, and four hours could go to sporting, artistic or social activities. Two more free hours would still remain which could be used for rest, watching television, seeing a film or listening to a concert.

No target-date appears to have been envisaged for achieving the four-hour working day in Russia; but in another Moscow transmission (which quoted an article in *Octyabr*) Academician Strumilin outlined a time-table for certain other social developments in the Soviet Union. Towards the end of the present seven-year plan (i.e., by 1965) it will be possible to maintain all children at boarding schools at the expense of the state. By 1975 it will be possible to offer free dinners to all working people of the Soviet Union at public canteens, and five years later, that is by 1980, fully free meals, clothing, and footwear. The urban housing shortage is to be solved within the next twelve years, with each family receiving a separate apartment. The *per capita* floor-space quota will have been trebled by 1980, compared with the 1958 standards, both in town and countryside.

The visit of the Israeli Prime Minister, Mr. Ben-Gurion, to the United States has been the subject of polemical comment by Middle Eastern broadcasting stations. Damascus radio, in the United Arab Republic, called Mr. Ben-Gurion a 'war-criminal' and said that his visit to America was 'part of a large-scale plan drawn up by international Zionism to bring about a deterioration in the relations between the Arab and American peoples, and to prepare for further Israeli acts of aggression and expansion'. The Syrian commentator went on:

The visit comes before the preparation for the summit conference. Ben-Gurion hopes, through the Western leaders, to achieve his dream of passing through the Suez Canal and his other dreams of extricating himself from the Arab economic siege. But instead of listening to the lies and intrigues of Ben-Gurion American officials should ask their foster-child, Israel, to adhere to the U.N. charter and to implement the U.N. resolutions.

Israel Home Service in English also touched, from the opposite viewpoint, on the possibility of Middle Eastern problems being raised at the summit meeting. The broadcast quoted the Israeli newspaper *Al Hamishmar* of Mapam, the left-wing party, which said that 'the Middle East is at present unlikely to be discussed at the summit but wondered how world tension can be reduced if the area is ignored. *Al Hamishmar* believed it would be of the greatest importance if Mr. Ben-Gurion could meet not only with the Western leaders but with all the participants in the forthcoming summit conference'.

Another Israeli newspaper joined vigorous issue with Arab spokesmen. Referring to the protest of the Arab ambassadors against the meeting between Mr. Ben-Gurion and President Eisenhower, *Omer* noted that after the Arab States had succeeded with their extortionist methods in the Suez Canal they were now trying to extend these methods to the Atlantic Ocean.

The newspaper *Shaarim* welcomed the Israeli Prime Minister's visit to the U.S.A. and regarded it as the beginning of widespread political activities to consolidate Israel's international position. In *Shaarim's* opinion 'we should demand in an unequivocal manner Israel's inclusion in Nato'. This would strengthen peace in this region and deter once and for all the Arab rulers from planning aggression.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

SHOPPING PAVEMENTS

THE PROBLEM of the man and his car in the centre of a city is one that has to be solved. There has been much interest lately in the suggestion by the Minister of Transport, Mr. Marples, for the building of shopping pavements at first-floor level, so as to free the flow of traffic on the ground. Although this will be something new in this country, it is perhaps not generally known that the city of Chester already has elevated footways which resemble, in some respects, what Mr. Marples had in mind. TOM GERMAN described these shopping pavements in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Chester', he said, 'so rich in antiquities, anticipated by something like 1,000 years the twentieth-century design for separating pedestrians from traffic. Strictly, I suppose, one cannot really compare Mr. Marples's idea of fly-over pavements with the elevated shopping walks, the Rows, as they are called, of the ancient city of Chester. For one thing, the cantilevered walks that the Transport Minister envisages would be designed with a specific purpose in mind. The Rows, on the other hand, seem to be more an accident of evolution.

'The exact origin of these raised pedestrian ways, varying in height from a matter of a few feet above the bustle of the traffic up to fourteen or fifteen feet, is lost in history. There are many theories: it is suggested that they were useful vantage points for harrying the invaders from Wales, or that here is a relic of bold, medieval town planning. But the explanation most commonly accepted is that the Rows owe their existence to the remains of massive ruins of Roman buildings. The site lay waste for close on 500 years after the Romans departed, and when the settlers of the early tenth century came to Chester they built their homes on top of the banks formed by the now overgrown ruins and debris, which varied in height according to the size of the Roman buildings which once stood there. That would explain the lack of uniformity in the height of the Rows.

'There is one essential difference, however, between what Mr. Marples has in mind and the Rows. Chester's traffic does not pass beneath the raised footwalks, which run along a considerable stretch of four main thoroughfares. What the city has got, in fact, is a two-tier system of shops and offices, some at first-floor level, more at ground level. The experts have an explanation for this too: they will tell you that the people who lived in the medieval homes built on top of the banks offered their merchandise for sale from stalls set out lower down the bank. In the course of time these temporary stalls began to take on a more permanent shape.

'Shopping in the Rows on a recent rainy morning was a pleasant occupation, protected as they are from the weather by the overhanging second storey, so characteristic of medieval timber construction. Those who tire of window-gazing can always lean on the wooden railings and safely watch the traffic passing down below.

'Looking in Chester for some of the



Elevated footways in the ancient Rows, at Chester—

J. Allan Cash

advantages one might expect to find in the new first-floor shopping pavements I found safety to be one of them; and, on a different note, I was told that the Rows are wonderful for watching processions'.

NEW THOUGHTS ON RAINFALL

It has recently been announced from Australia that certain Russian and United States scientists have confirmed an Australian theory about rainfall. ERIC SPARKE spoke about this in

'Today' (Home Service). 'Briefly', he said, 'the theory is that meteor dust, falling into the earth's atmosphere, has a world-wide effect on rain. It was originally put forward by Dr. E. G. Bowen, Chief of the Radio-physics Division of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, known more simply as C.S.I.R.O.

'On certain known dates the earth orbits through patches of meteor dust. Dr. Bowen noticed that about thirty days afterwards there was a strong tendency for heavier rainfall on a world scale. The small particles of meteor dust are thought to settle slowly through the atmosphere and act as freezing nuclei when they enter rain-bearing cloud. In 1957, to test this theory, C.S.I.R.O. began to install equipment in various parts of the world including Australia, Arizona, South Africa, and the islands of the Caribbean. Results appear to be consistent with Dr. Bowen's theory. He now claims that a world study has shown a rise in overall rainfall of as much as twenty per cent. after meteor dust showers have been detected. Another physicist, Dr. Alan Lees of Adelaide,



—and in a model showing part of the plan for the new Barbican area in the City of London

says that the dust is also responsible for conditions favouring the formation of rain-bearing clouds.

'The Chief Liaison Officer for C.S.I.R.O. in London, Mr. E. J. Drake, told me the theory was originally greeted with scepticism and even, in some quarters, with hostility. And it is by no means generally accepted today, though there is a growing conviction that some extra-terrestrial influence must be taken into account in weather research.

'Mr. Drake said that a statistical break-down of an increasing

bellied men wearing quizzical expressions; but many of the figures have religious significance, and there are some fine examples of war gods. Animals are also included: there is, for instance, a magnificent water buffalo carved from a solid piece of sea-green jade.

'The collection is not only of interest to students of Oriental life: geologists, too, can find much of value from the hundred different varieties of hard stone which are represented. I asked Mr. Raymond Dawson, Lecturer in Chinese at the University and acting Keeper of the Museum, what the jade was worth. He told me that although it is difficult to value art objects these days, it is impossible to get them out of China now and they are worth really what anyone is prepared to pay for them; certainly together they are worth a six-figure sum—probably £200,000'.



From the Charles Hardinge collection of jade: pale grey vessel with handles carved as dragons and, left, Kwanyin, the Chinese goddess of mercy

number of rainfall records seems to confirm this. Rainfall figures from Japan, for instance, going back for 300 years have been studied by Dr. Bowen, who claims that they follow the pattern of his own observations. At all events, the theory has aroused much interest and has, at least, opened up a new line of thought on the most elementary mystery of all—the weather'.

CHINESE JADE

One of the world's most valuable private collections of Chinese jade has been presented to Durham University by Sir Charles Hardinge, who has many family connexions with County Durham. GEORGE HOUSE spoke of the collection in the Home Service.

'This wonderful collection is one of the most valuable gifts ever to be made to Durham', he said. 'It is being housed in the new Gulbenkian Museum which is attached to the Department of Oriental Studies at the college. The museum will be opened in May, so for the time being the collection is not on show publicly. It occupies the whole of one gallery in the museum.

'Sir Charles Hardinge began collecting small jade animals shortly after the first world war, but it seems that the collecting habit soon took a firm hold. The result is this superb gathering of more than 3,000 pieces.

The oldest objects date back to about 1500 B.C., the most modern is nineteenth century. I think the thing that impresses me most is the exquisite carving on some of the smaller articles. This is particularly well illustrated in a display case full of snuff bottles. Many of them are fashioned to look like animals and fish. Still on the small side are some delightful personal seals, all hand carved and beautiful. On the larger side are some typically Chinese figures: small, slightly pot-

Siberia and on the islands of Novaya Zemlya and Kolguev, just off the Siberian coast; and they come to us by way of Germany and Holland. In the spring they go back a rather different way: they go due east to Moscow and then turn north, following the melting snow, to reach their nesting places by the end of May. That means they come about 2,500 miles to us in the autumn and it must be at least 3,000 miles back to Siberia in the spring, but while they are with us here they fly very little. That is how I have been able to spend a lot of time watching them "not-flying" and behaving like grazing animals. But goose-watching is much more fun than cow- or sheep-watching because geese are so human. They are very sociable and talkative and quarrelsome and unkind and snobbish, and, above all, they are devoted to their families. Goose flocks are not closely organized, but they have a definite ranking system in which families are the most important units. Big families are more important than small families, and paired birds or singles are of lower status still.

'Big families are successful because they are socially more self-sufficient than the smaller groups. In most winters young birds and their parents make up about half the flock. The other birds,

which look like adults but are not parents, are either mature birds that have tried to breed but have failed or they are adolescents not yet able to breed. Young birds in their second winter are usually single; in their third winter most of them are "going steady", and in their fourth winter they come to us for the first time as proud parents. Geese usually pair for life, but since that life is often short it means that pairs seldom continue for more than three or four years'.



A white-fronted goose at the Wildfowl Trust, Slimbridge, Gloucestershire

The Police and the Judge

By C. J. HAMSON

THE English legal system is odd, peculiar, and fantastic—yes, of course—but it is not wantonly so. It is, as others are, the product of the society in which it operates. It is a function of that society. That amounts only to saying that a subsisting legal system is a social phenomenon; and that, today, really ought not to need the saying. But it does, in this country especially, where there is a steady determination to refuse to take it for what it is.

If a legal system is this kind of thing—the product of the social institutions which create it and which in its turn helps to create—it is evidently a thing difficult to describe adequately. I am, perhaps, specially conscious of this difficulty because part of my professional duty is to attempt to describe the English legal system (which is indeed this kind of thing) to foreigners—to persons, that is, who do not have the points of reference which the native student instinctively has. It is therefore with a particular delight that I welcome any book which offers an intelligent description of any part of the legal system; and it is an exceptional pleasure to meet with Sir Patrick Devlin's Sherrill lectures entitled *The Criminal Prosecution in England**. My pleasure is exceptional, both because this author shows an exceptional degree of insight and because he brings that insight to bear upon what is the most peculiar, the most original, and the most vital of English legal institutions: the mode of trying a case, and of preparing for the trial.

The English Trial

The English trial is the consequence and the amalgam of a most improbable series of improbable historical accidents, in the course of which many of the institution's component parts—and especially the jury—entirely transformed their character. But, though the mode of trial has in England a long and obscure history, yet in the form in which it is used today it is, especially as regards criminal causes, of recent origin. This is the result not only of fundamental innovations, such as the right of the prisoner to give evidence in court (which was granted generally only in 1898), but much more importantly because of the development and interplay of the changing conventions affecting the various parts of the whole. The mode of trial is the result from time to time of a balance of the pressures originating from the multitude of the institutions whose co-operation or interaction causes the trial to assume the form which it momentarily has.

In his previous Hamlyn lectures† the author had examined the actual hearing in court and especially the multifarious interplay of the function of judge and jury; in these Sherrill lectures he is concerned more with the preparation for the trial in a criminal cause. The preparation for trial is no doubt less spectacular than the trial; but it is, perhaps, more important because it determines the kind of trial which will follow upon it. Concerned with the preparation for trial, the author is concerned principally with the institution which stands large in that preparation—namely with the police: but again, not with the police as an isolated phenomenon, but with the police as the new element injected less than 150 years ago into the existing historical complex, with the police as influencing and being influenced by the existing institutions and again especially (and, as I think, rightly) with the interaction between the police and the judicial power: with the development of the new whole—police, magistrate, judge, jury, counsel, and perhaps I should add the press and even, maybe, parliament—emerging into a new life and generating its own new balance of forces. The picture which he now gives of this preparation for trial is as arresting and interesting as the picture which he then gave of the actual trial, and perhaps more instructive because even more novel.

The main feature of the recent story to which Sir Patrick calls attention is what he names the judicialization of the police, and

this tendency he examines in its historical context. To his description I would add an emphasis which his office debarred him from giving. The entire development of the English criminal prosecution, ancient as well as recent, is the history of the dominance of the English High Court Judge over the whole process—even over those parts of it, the preliminary inquiry, at which he does not today preside. For that dominance we have much cause to be exceptionally thankful. The nature and character of the dominance is, however, of the greatest interest. Anciently the judge was apt to exercise his power in an aggressive, brutal, and barbarous way, not least in respect of juries if he regarded them as perverse—though it is fair to add that the function of the jury then was differently conceived. The recent unhappy collision between a jury and Mr. Justice Stable fades into complete triviality in any historical perspective, even if the Court of Criminal Appeal was justified today in commenting somewhat severely upon it.

Gentle Dominance

In modern times, however, the dominance of the judge has been of a much more gentle sort. It is the dominance of the person to whom the various actors turn for advice or direction and who normally guides or suggests a course of conduct rather than prescribes it. Normally, I say, as regards the matters which now concern us; for even here there are instances to the contrary. There is, for example, nothing gentle or hesitant in the Court's action against the press, when the press does anything which in the Court's opinion is calculated to interfere with the fair trial of the accused. Indeed, the proceedings by way of contempt of court are drastic examples of the exercise of a plenitude of power—examples which, as I think, most people in this country do approve and all right-minded persons should approve, especially when they consider the state of affairs in countries where the Court has failed, or has been unable, thus to control the press. But generally, in the sphere which concerns us, the modern method of the Court's action has been much less drastic and much more indirect, though not less effective.

I select for notice two of the various instances of the more modern method of action. They seem to me of special interest because the final development of these two instances is not yet complete: we are able to watch the process unfold itself in our own experience. Indeed it is a mark of the author's perceptiveness that he calls attention to the nature of a process which is still continuing. The first instance concerns 'the way in which the judges have sought to regulate legitimate methods of inquiry' by the police. And may I, with the author, put the accent upon the word 'legitimate'? We are not here concerned with the repression of torture or wanton arrests and detentions—though it is of great importance that a legal system should have effective power to repress such gross wrongs if they are committed.

A Standard of Fairness

But it is not that kind of misbehaviour which causes trouble in England today—there is really no evidence whatever that it exists at all here now. The misbehaviour which concerns us, if it can be called misbehaviour, is rather a failure to reach a high standard of conduct, especially in the matter of questioning the person against whom the case is to be made. The standard is a high one and it is set upon police activities by persons far removed from any immediate police work. It is a standard of what is called fairness, required, so it is believed, in the long-term interests of the administration of justice; and those long-term interests are more evident to the Court than to the police. As our author puts it: 'It is easy for the lawyers to say that it is better for ninety-nine guilty men to be acquitted than for one innocent to be convicted; but to those in daily contact with the

* Oxford University Press, 15s.

† *Trial by Jury*. Stevens, 1956

ninety-nine and who see at close quarters the harm that they do the maxim has less appeal'.

As regards this critical part of the police investigation, the relevant standard is set by the Judges' Rules. These provide, as is well known, not merely that a person charged or about to be charged or in custody shall not be questioned or make any statement without first being cautioned but that he shall not in the strict sense be examined at all, whether he has been cautioned or not. Sir Patrick is particularly happy in his discussion of the genesis of the rules, of their nature, and of their effects. First he makes the point that these rules cannot be regarded as regulations imposed by a hostile court upon a recalcitrant police: on the contrary, 'The intervention of the Judges was by invitation of the police', who found themselves in genuine difficulties, and who, long before these rules, had made use of the caution addressed to the person charged. Indeed the first formulation in 1912 of the existing Judges' Rules was in response to a request by a chief constable for clarification of the circumstances in which the caution should be used.

The Judges' Rules

Secondly, the author notes that the rules are not rules having the force of law; they are not drafted as regulations would be—they are an almost informal series of propositions offered for the guidance of the police. The police, being more lawyer-like than the lawyers, are no doubt apt to treat the rules as a drill manual; which in the circumstances examined by the author leads them sometimes to put themselves into a false and ridiculous position. But the rules have not as yet attained 'the hard lineaments of a rule of law': in particular a prisoner is not entitled to demand as of right the rejection of any statement procured in contravention of the rules. It is likely that such a statement will be rejected; but, if it is, it will be because of the exercise of the judge's discretion. And that leads the author to his third point: the rules themselves are an emanation of the judges' power to control the course of the trial conducted before them (which course they themselves principally created out of their own invention) and especially to exclude evidence not only because it may be prejudicial in a particular case but because it belongs to a class of evidence which is considered to be of prejudicial character.

The rules have not circumscribed the judges' power; and it is by virtue of that pre-eminent power and not of the infraction of the subordinate rules that a statement unfairly obtained is excluded. There may be a presumption that a statement obtained in contravention of the rules is unfairly obtained; it is not illegally obtained. It is no crime or tort in a police officer merely to ask questions of anybody at any time. The only sanction of the rules is that the judge will probably exclude a statement obtained in disregard of them and may comment adversely on the conduct of the police officers who did so obtain it. It is indeed, as Sir Patrick says, a remote form of control, but with the co-operation of the responsible police authorities—which is much to be emphasized—and in the particular circumstances of our existing social conventions it is a singularly efficient method of control. We have in that respect much to be thankful for; but it would have been a crowning mercy if the judges had felt themselves strong enough to evolve and to enforce a similar set of rules to regulate the legitimate exercise of power by executive officers in the state other than the police, and thus to secure for us in their respect the benefits which they have secured for us in respect of the police.

Disclosure of Evidence

Another sphere in which a similar power has been exercised to secure a development which again is still expanding, is also concerned with fairness, but here under the aspect of giving information to the accused. It is now clearly established in England that it is unfair to take the prisoner by surprise at his trial. The principle means that today no evidence can be given against him by the Crown at his trial unless full disclosure of that evidence has been made in ample time beforehand. This is a modern innovation and is for example no part of the law in the United States, which in these matters are in general a great deal more 'traditional' than ourselves.

Indeed, it is not clear in what sense in this country this certainly established principle of practice is law. Statute does not provide for it: the statutory provisions indicate more the opposite practice. The principal statute in this matter was that of 1848. That provided for a preliminary hearing before magistrates in the case of a crime to be tried upon indictment. But at that preliminary hearing, at which the accused is present, all the Crown was bound to do was to produce sufficient evidence to persuade the magistrates that there was a *prima facie*, a reasonable, case not to convict the accused but to put him on his trial. That is all that the Crown is still by statute bound to do—to produce some reasonable evidence to obtain the accused's committal for trial, and not all the evidence upon which they are going to rely to obtain his conviction at his trial. The Court itself recognizes that the Crown has the right to call at the trial evidence additional to that given before the magistrates; but, and this is the crux, the Court of its own motion began to attach to the exercise of this right the condition that the prisoner (or his counsel) shall be given ample and proper notice of the additional evidence. The calling of additional evidence thus becomes something which requires explanation, and is permitted only if the prisoner is put virtually in the same position as if it had been given at the preliminary hearing: with the result that all the evidence against the prisoner which it is proposed to call at the trial—except genuinely new evidence, of which notice must in any event be given—is in fact called at the preliminary hearing; and that is so well established that most persons would say that there was a law to that effect.

An Advantage to the Accused

The advantage to the accused of this entire disclosure beforehand of the Crown's whole case is of course great, and its extent is enhanced by the accused being under no obligation to disclose any part of his own defence. Indeed, he normally calls no evidence at all at the preliminary hearing. The effect of the sudden but legitimate production, at the trial itself, of a vital document on behalf of the accused, was well exemplified in the notorious trial of a doctor accused of murder at which Mr. Justice Devlin presided in 1957: had the Crown had possession of the notebooks in question, they would have been disclosed at the preliminary hearing.

The development which has led to this duty of disclosure by the Crown of its own case is interesting and startling enough; but the process seems to be continuing. It looks as if the Crown, at least in certain instances, is bound to put at the disposal of the accused or his counsel information which it has and which it does not propose to use, if that information might be useful to the accused and if it is judged unfair that the accused be deprived of it. The practice here is developing piecemeal, but there is a powerful apposite principle which is well enough recognized—namely that it is the duty of the prosecution not to strive for a conviction but to bring before the Court facts which will enable justice to be done—and this principle, in process as it is of extension, is calculated to lead to an indefinite development of the duty of disclosure.

I have selected for comment two only of the topics discussed by Sir Patrick. It is not my purpose to seek to summarize his lectures. That is not possible. It is my purpose to call attention to them. They are of exceptional interest and penetration; and I think that they will fascinate the layman as much as the lawyer.

—Third Programme

Judge and Jurist in the Reign of Queen Victoria, by C. H. S. Fifoot, F.B.A., Reader in Common Law to the Council of Legal Education, is the title of the eleventh series of Hamlyn Lectures published by Stevens and Sons (15s.).

Professor C. H. Philips, the Director of the School of Oriental and African Studies in London University, has written a preface to Dr. B. B. Misra's new book *The Central Administration of the East India Company 1773-1834* (Manchester University Press, £2 5s.). In this work there is presented for the first time a comprehensive account (based on the Company's archives in London) of the early British attempts at building a workable method of government in India.

Saving Nubia's Past from the Flood

By L. P. KIRWAN



The Temple of Isis at Philae, liable since before the war to temporary submergence by the Nile

ON March 8 Unesco launched its great international campaign to save the monuments and explore the remains of the past in Egyptian and Sudanese Nubia. Unesco's appeal for international aid is urgent. For in three years, unless these remains of a priceless ancient and medieval heritage are rescued, they will be submerged for ever below the waters of the High Dam.

The area to be flooded extends southwards from the First Cataract of the Nile to a point 100 miles or so south of the Egyptian-Sudan boundary.



Axe-head (c. 1500 B.C.) from a cemetery at Semna, Sudanese Nubia

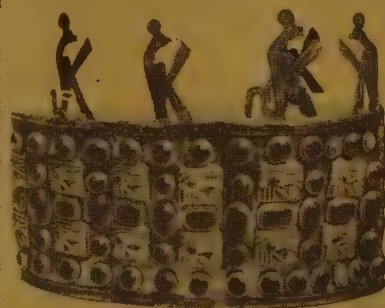
This is all, historically, Nubia. And here, on both sides of the boundary, ancient Egyptian temples and forts and town sites, as well as settlements displaying Sudanese and African rather than Egyptian affinities, abound. There are ruined mud-brick churches, too, with brilliantly painted frescos still faintly visible on the walls. For

Nubia was once a Christian country. The Nubians were converted to Christianity in the middle of the sixth century A.D. by missionaries from Constantinople, and Nubia remained a stronghold of Christianity for 800 years.

Nevertheless, although Nubia is really all one territory from a historian's point of view, from the point of all the archaeologists who will be working there during the next three years, the two territories—Egyptian Nubia and Sudanese Nubia—present strikingly different problems. Largely because of the successive archaeological expeditions of the Egyptian Government (I was a member of one of them from 1929 to 1934), Egyptian Nubia is one of the most thoroughly explored countries in the world. The problem there is not so much one of exploration as of preservation; and above all of course the preservation of two of the greatest monuments in the history of the ancient world, the magnificent stone and rock-hewn temples of the Pharaohs at Philae and Abu Simbel. These, if Unesco's

world-wide appeal for funds succeeds, will be protected by enormous dykes so that future generations may be able to admire these wonderful examples of ancient Egyptian architecture and art.

In Sudanese Nubia, where I was excavating last month, there are no gigantic monuments of this kind. There are, it is true, several graceful Egyptian temples in Sudanese Nubia, stone-built and decorated with elegant and delicate reliefs. But they are small in size. In some cases the whole temple may be removed and rebuilt elsewhere. In other cases, the finest of the painted reliefs and inscriptions could be cut out and removed to the new museum in Khartoum. But in Sudanese Nubia, the main problem is one of exploration rather than preservation. By comparison with Egyptian Nubia, Sudanese Nubia is really almost unexplored.



Jewel-encrusted silver crown of a Sudanese king, found in a tomb in Nubia (fifth to sixth century A.D.)

Some idea of the importance of archaeological exploration in Sudanese Nubia can be seen in the sensational discoveries of the Egypt Exploration Society's expedition at Buhen, opposite Wadi Halfa, directed by Professor W. B. Emery. There you can see the great mud-brick towers, ramparts and bastions of an Egyptian fortress of c. 2000 B.C. emerging from the sand. This massive building, originally painted white with yellow bands, is not only a fascinating example of ancient military architecture but gives some idea of the great strength of the frontier defences which the Pharaohs had to build to protect Egypt from the peoples of the south.



Sudanese painted pot (first to third century A.D.)

But important as these monumental relics of the Pharaohs are, there is much else to be discovered and recorded in Sudanese Nubia; relics not of imposed Egyptian but of indigenous Sudanese cultures. A proper study of these settlements and cemeteries, dating back to the third millennium B.C., will be of great value not only for the ancient history of Sudan but

for the history of early African civilization as a whole. And their contents too—whether intricate work in ivory, gold, silver, or bronze, or ceramic wares of egg-shell thinness brightly painted with striking and lively designs—must be rescued. For these, ranging in date over 3,000 years, reveal phase after brilliant phase of early African art. Because of the multitude of excavations which have taken place in Egypt itself over the past century we know a great deal about ancient Egyptian life and civilization.

But the knowledge we can gain from these ancient Sudanese settlements and their contents will be new. It will be a new contribution to the history of the world.

In Sudanese Nubia, in the hundred miles to be flooded, there are at least 100 such important sites, visible from surface remains or visible in air photographs. All these should be explored. But time is desperately short. In theory, the flood waters from the High Dam will not rise to danger level for three years. But in practice the time available to archaeologists will be much shorter than that. For you can carry out archaeology effectively in the Sudan only in the winter months: in the summer it is far too hot. In terms of actual working time, twelve months, eighteen months perhaps, will be all the time left to save Nubia's past from the flood.



Ruins of one of the early mud-brick Christian churches in Sudanese Nubia that contain remains of frescos

I have mentioned the number of Nubian churches whose painted frescos and domed and vaulted buildings must be studied before they disintegrate before the waters of the High Dam. More important still, because this is one of the darkest ages in the history of Sudan, are the earliest remains of Islam. Both in Egyptian and in Sudanese Nubia, far too little attention has been paid to this period of history. Then there are the inscriptions and the drawings of all ages carved on the great granite boulders of the

Cataract region. Some record the limits of the advances of the armies of Pharaoh into Sudan and give the names of the generals in command. Some record the passing of traders and trade missions, some moving south towards Central Africa, some north towards the Mediterranean world, along this great trade route of the Nile. The drawings of vanished human and animal life on these rocks, many of very ancient date, are also important for they link up with the rock drawings of the Sahara. They too, like the fortresses and temples and burial grounds, like the ruined townships and the medieval churches, all help us to bring back to life the lost civilizations of Sudan. All must now be recorded or removed before they are submerged for ever by the High Dam.—*Arabic Service*

Symbol and Image

The second of two talks by SIR RUSSELL BRAIN

IN my first talk* I tried to show that every perception includes both objective and subjective elements; that is, it gives us information about the thing we perceive, but it can do this only if we ourselves contribute to the perception some of its sensory qualities. And I pointed out that since each of these sensory qualities represents a physical property of the object perceived, the colour red, for example, representing what the physicist describes as light waves of a certain wave length, there is a symbolic element in all normal perception. The word 'symbol' is used in different ways: I propose to use it as meaning something which stands for or represents something else, but which does not owe its representative nature to the fact that in some way it resembles the thing it stands for. A word is a good example of a symbol. The word 'table', for instance, bears no resemblance to a table, but has come to stand for it as part of the conventional system which constitutes a language.

It has often been pointed out that a great deal of our knowledge is based upon symbols. I spoke in my last talk about nerve impulses, but how do we know that there is such a thing as a nerve impulse? We know it because physiologists studying nerves in rather artificial conditions have shown that by means of appropriate instruments one can start an electrical change in a nerve, and then show that after a short time a similar electrical change can be detected some distance along the nerve, and after a further time it will appear further along, and so on. The nerve impulse is thus the name the physiologist gives something of which he has no direct knowledge, but of which he infers the existence from his observations on the behaviour of his instruments. And if we go on to ask the physicist what he means by

electrical changes, he will give us an answer of the same kind.

These facts have several important consequences. The first is that much scientific knowledge is symbolic, which means that it is indirect. This idea, however, is perhaps less startling than it might be when we look at it in the light of the fact, which I have just emphasized, that our ordinary perceptions also are in certain respects symbolical. So we may regard scientific knowledge as, not in some special fashion distinct from the everyday knowledge which perception gives us, but only an extension of that knowledge by means of special methods of observation and thought. I think also that the recognition that our scientific knowledge is symbolical enables us to get round a difficulty which troubles those philosophers who say that sounds and smells and colours and pains cannot be activities of the nervous system, because there is no resemblance between nerve impulses, however they may behave, and sensations. But when the philosopher speaks of nerve impulses, he is using the physiologist's term, which, as we have seen, is a symbol. It is a symbol for something the physiologist infers from his observations, but of which in this way he has no direct knowledge.

How, then, can he say that when he has direct experience of them in sensation they cannot be colours or pains, smells or sounds? To be puzzled by this is logically very like asking: 'How on earth can a man called William have a moustache?' For just as being called William has no connexion with having or not having a moustache, so the physiologist's description of nerve impulses tells us nothing about whether they are or are not, when directly experienced, sensations.

So much, for the moment, about symbolic knowledge. Is there

any other kind of knowledge? This brings us to images. The word image, like the word symbol, is used in a number of different ways, but the fundamental distinction between a symbol and an image is that an image in some way resembles the thing it stands for, whereas, as we have seen, a symbol is not like it but represents it arbitrarily. I want to suggest to you that works of art are images, and I shall go on to ask what they are images of, how they fulfil that function, and what light is thrown upon this by the account of perception which I have given.

Let me begin with two brief quotations from writers who have specially concerned themselves with the nature of art. Sir Herbert Read, in his book *The Meaning of Art*, quotes with approval Tolstoy's definition of art:

To evoke in oneself a feeling one has experienced, and having evoked it in oneself, then by means of movement, lines, colours, sounds, or forms expressed in words, so to transmit that feeling that others experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art. Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that others are infected by these feelings and also experience them.

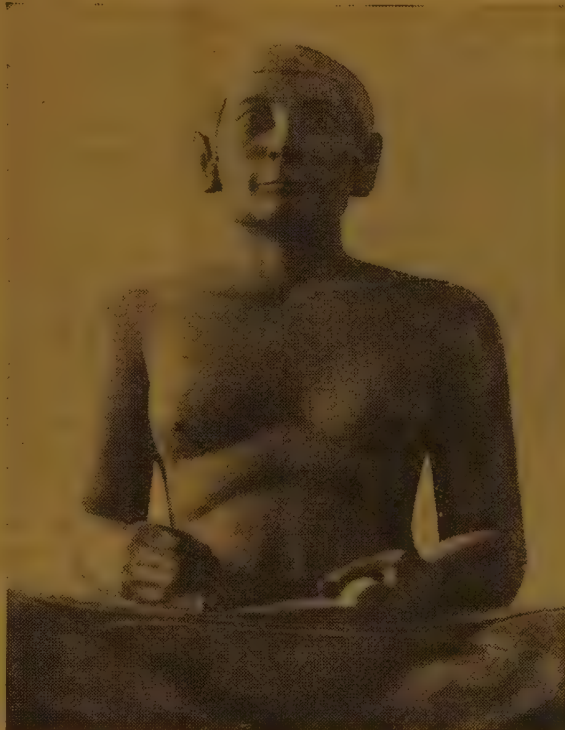
Susanne Langer has recently said much the same thing:

Works of art are projections of 'felt life', as Henry James called it, into spatial, temporal, and poetic structures. They are images of feeling, that formulate it for our cognition. What is artistically good is whatever articulates and presents feeling to our understanding.

A work of art, then, is to be regarded as an image of feeling. Of course a work of art is not an image of feelings only, because we do not normally experience feelings by themselves: we feel towards or about things or people or ideas, so that a work of art, if it is to transmit feelings from the artist to other people, must also represent the object towards which the feelings are directed. This communication of feelings occurs in its simplest form in the visual arts. A work of art comes into existence in the mind of the artist. When he puts colours on the canvas, he is doing two things at the same time: he is creating a new object in the physical world; but no purely physical account of it can be adequate, because it fails to take into account the colours which exist only in the artist's mind, just as a purely physical account of the nightingale's song fails to include the sounds which the bird itself hears. A work of art, therefore, like any other object which is perceived, is partly objective and partly subjective. But we can go further than that. The artist places his colours, or shapes his sculpture, in the way he does, because to do so satisfies his feelings, and so the subjective element in the work of art comes to include the artist's feelings. As he creates it, and when he looks at it, he experiences those feelings, and the feelings, like the colours and the shape, are part—and indeed the essential part—of the work of art.

We come now to the communication of the feelings. Human beings are fundamentally much alike. So when someone other than the artist looks at a picture or a piece of sculpture, he will tend to experience in some degree the feelings which the artist embodied in it. This is a qualified statement, and perhaps needs further qualification. Although human beings are fundamentally

alike, they differ greatly in their natural ability to appreciate art, as well as in the degree to which that has been increased by education. Moreover, expecting the wrong kind of thing from a work of art may prove a considerable obstacle to receiving the right one. But how, you may ask, do we know that anyone, even though he appreciates as fully as he can a picture or a sculpture, is really experiencing the same feelings as the artist? The answer is that he cannot experience exactly the same feelings, for in spite of the resemblances in human nature, every man's experiences and feelings are individual. But the richer the experience of the observer, and the more sensitive his receptiveness, the more likely it is that he will share, in part at least, the artist's feelings.



'Almost pure representation . . . like Egyptian portrait sculpture': a scribe (fifth dynasty)



'Distortions which seem to many people unnatural': Picasso's 'The Red Armchair'

The view of art which I have been putting forward seems to me to throw light upon some of the difficulties which people are apt to encounter when they look at pictures and sculpture, especially some of those which have been produced in the last twenty or thirty years. Today there is much discussion about abstract, or non-representational, art. Collingwood was stressing the emotional or feeling element in art when he said that photographs or literally accurate drawings of things will be emotionally unlike them. He distinguished three degrees of representation in pictorial art. One can have something which is almost pure representation, like the animal paintings of prehistoric man, or Egyptian portrait sculpture; or one can have representation in which some emotional effect is produced by the bold selection of important features. 'The third degree', he says, 'abandons literal representation altogether, but the work is still representative, because it aims this time with a single eye at emotional representation'.

Let us apply this to portraiture. If what is wanted is pure representation, one can get that in a photograph. But if one employs an artist, one will not get that kind of representation, because he will embody his own feelings in his work and this will lead to deviations from pure representation, in other words distortion. But, as Epstein said when I was sitting for him: 'There is nothing new in that. It has been done for 2,000 years. Michelangelo used it. His bodies are nine or ten times the head. There are no bodies on earth like it. All sculptors must distort: if they don't, it's only a plaster cast'.

But there are also distortions which seem to many people unnatural, and hence shocking: for example, those that we see in some of Picasso's work and in the sculpture of Henry Moore. There is an obvious parallel in much of the art of primitive peoples, and in some prehistoric art. To primitive peoples it seems natural to create strange distortions of the human figure

in order to express their emotions, often towards the moving or awe-inspiring aspects of life and nature. And surely it is to create images expressive of emotion that Henry Moore and other artists use similar distortions, whether in two or three dimensions. Their works are representations not primarily of objects, but of feelings in relation to objects.

This leads naturally to the third type of art, in which the artist uses colour, or shapes, or both, which are not recognizable as representing any known object. The work of the French painter Soulages is a good example of this. Such works provide no problem as long as we recognize that they are not seeking to represent natural objects, but only feelings—the feelings associated with the contemplation of those particular colours and shapes. But why, to take an example from Soulages, should a canvas covered with little beyond a succession of broad black bands of paint of varying density, separated by an occasional crevice of white or sky-blue, arouse any feelings at all, let alone those of interest and pleasure, which it undoubtedly does excite in some people? Before I try to answer that question I must say something about poetry.

Since poetry is an art, like painting, sculpture, or music, we may expect to find that it does what they do, but by using words instead of visual forms or musical sounds. Cecil Day Lewis says:

The poet's re-creation includes both the object and the sensations connecting him with the object, both the facts and the tone of an experience: it is when object and sensation, happily married by him, breed an image in which *both* their likenesses appear, that something 'comes to us with an effect of revelation'.

So here we meet once again the idea of an image which includes, and somehow welds together, both the object and the feelings which it evokes, so that for Day Lewis the poetic image, expressed in words by means of metaphor, is of the same nature as the image created in any other form of art. As I said earlier, a word is itself a symbol, so in poetry, unlike the visual arts, we have images created by symbols. Hence in poetry words are used in a very different way from their use in science. The value of a word for the poet consists not only in its immediate meaning but also in its overtones, or perhaps I should describe them better as its undertones, its echoes in the hearer's past, in memories long forgotten and associations only partially conscious, or perhaps unconscious.

So a poem, once it has been created, is an image or a cluster of images existing in its own right for the contemplation of everyone. It has no meaning other than itself, and that is what the reader or hearer experiences. This, I think, is what Walter de la Mare meant when he said: 'Why must a poem have a meaning? We don't ask what is the meaning of a piece of music—why of a poem?'

Their power of association is only one of the many ways in which the words of a poem can move us. There is another which is important for our present purpose because, as we shall see, it provides a link between the visual arts, poetry and music. It has often been pointed out, by Dame Edith Sitwell among others, that the sounds of the vowels and consonants of which words are composed often have emotional undertones. Compare, for example, the words 'gloom', 'doom', 'murk', and 'murder', where the double *o*'s and *u*'s enhance the dark and sinister meanings, with such words as 'bright', 'shine', 'glitter', and 'glisten', where the long and short *i*'s have the opposite effect. Rhythm and metre are used, consciously or unconsciously, by poets for similar effects. Dame Edith Sitwell, again, has illuminated poetry by her analyses of those elements in poems, and I want to illustrate this point by quoting from her commentary on Gerard Manley Hopkins's poem 'The Wreck of the Deutschland', which begins:

Thou mastering me
God! Giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of the living and dead.

Dame Edith writes:

In the first verse of that great poem, 'The Wreck of the Deutschland', we have the huge primeval swell of the sea, with its mountain-heights and its hell-depths, and we have the movement before life began, conveyed by technical means. In the slow and majestic first line, 'Thou mastering me', the long and strongly swelling vowels and the alliterative *m*'s produce the sensation of an immense wave . . . rising slowly, ever increasing in its huge power, till we come to the pause that follows the long vowel of 'me'. Then the wave falls, only to rush forward again. After this majestic line comes the heaving line 'God! Giver of breath and bread', ending with the ship poised on the top of the wave.

Neither of these first two lines contains any mention of the sea: the scene is being set in the mind, but not yet in space, and the sea-rhythm of the words is being used by the poet as part of the structure of the poem to communicate an image independently of the meaning of the words themselves and in anticipation of what is to follow. So a poem acquires its power as an image in a complex way. It has a subject, or if you like an object—something the poem is about. It uses words with their everyday meanings, but each word is also like a trawl, sweeping through the depths of the individual unconscious. And words have this power, not only through their conscious and unconscious associations, but also through their qualities as sounds, as well as through their metre and rhythms, and the result is an image or a constellation of images embodying ideas and feelings which may be about something as simple as a snowdrop, or as complex as the cosmology of *Paradise Lost*.

I have said that the emotional power of words, sounds and rhythms formed a link between the visual arts, poetry, and music. The feature they have in common is that, in a way which we little under-

stand, sensory patterns have a power to move us which is independent of the object they may represent, though in all the greatest art it is allied to it. These patterns are visual in painting and sculpture, mingled with representation when something is being portrayed or depicted, but untrammelled by it when the art is abstract. In poetry they are sound patterns, integrated with the use of words as symbols. In music we encounter essentially similar patterns as pure sound. The composer uses the sensory qualities of the notes produced by the various instruments, with all the possibilities of their intermingling and the rhythms and metre of the music, to construct once again images. But images of what? Images of pure feeling—the feelings of the composer when he wrote the music, which we share so far as we are capable in ear and mind of doing so. And if we ask the physiologist or the psychologist or the philosopher why music should be the image of such feelings, we shall receive, as far as I know, no adequate answer. But then art does not exist to be explained, but to be enjoyed.—*Third Programme*

One of the admirable features of the *New Naturalist* series is the proper emphasis given to the ecological aspects of wild life. The latest addition, *Dragonflies*, by Philip S. Corbet, Cynthia Longfield, and N. W. Moore (Collins, 42s.) is no exception. Indeed, despite the handicap of shared authorship, it is one of the best of the series. The dragonfly is not among the most popular of British insects (there are only forty-three British species) yet it is fascinating in its life-cycle of two years or more in the larval stage, followed by no more than a few weeks as an adult, and deserves closer attention. No better introduction than this finely illustrated and authoritative volume could be asked for.

C. HENRY WARREN



'A succession of broad black bands of paint of varying density': a lithograph by Pierre Soulages
By permission of Spadern, Paris

A World of Disk Jockeys and Spot Advertising

JACK GOULD on 'radio' in the United States

RADIO in the United States is a noisy paradox. In its desperate determination to survive in the economic age of television, the quality of the sound medium has steadily deteriorated until it is little more than a monotonous box spewing forth musical trash, interminable commercials, and repetitious news bulletins.

Yet, in the era of its utter drabness, radio is surviving, a peculiar and disturbing demonstration of the rewards that lie in sustained mediocrity. In the eleven-odd years that commercial television has hypnotized the American home the number of radio stations has continued to rise and the annual output of receivers still runs into the millions. Indeed, there is every indication that the rule of the disk jockey, the professionally cheerful man who spins phonograph recordings and grinds out endless chit-chat, will prevail for the foreseeable future, the flurry of headlines about payola notwithstanding.

Amid the darkness that enshrouds the mother broadcasting medium there is one small ray of hope: frequency modulation radio. A number of stations operating on the high frequency band, especially in the metropolitan centres, have eschewed both the pleasures of Presley and the usual prescriptions for relief of stomach distress. They have devoted their facilities to hours of civilized classical music and won a devoted if not too large an audience. Some of these outlets are financed by educational institutions; one is hopeful of gaining the necessary support from listeners; and still others stay alive by means that are their own secret. If American radio has a future for the individual disinclined to walk around with ear plugs, it appears to rest with F.M.

Inexorable Economic Laws

The disaster that befell the general run of commercial radio in this country can be traced directly to the inexorable economic laws of advertising. The average sponsor does not envision himself as a Medici with a crew cut but rather as a hard-headed business man, who must try to persuade the multitude to remember his product upon visiting the wide open spaces of the supermarket. The sponsor has little choice but to go where the crowd is and, when Baird and Sarnoff thrust the picture tube upon an unsuspecting world, that meant television.

Radio's first significant casualty was the popular evening variety fare and its quick-witted comedians. When Messrs. Benny, Durante, Hope, *et al*, abandoned the unseeing microphone in favour of the visual dimension of the camera, the advertisers went along *en masse*. To listen to Mr. Hope's *ad libs* on the foibles of politicians may be diverting but it is even more fun to see him. In a span of only a few years the basic foundation of American radio—the top-drawer item of entertainment presented during the evening—was wiped out. The loss of income was incredibly severe. It quickly became evident that the structure of the networks, the chain of sound stations running from Maine to California and Canada to the Rio Grande, was in jeopardy.

Bit by bit, almost imperceptibly, the networks receded from their old position of prominence. The number of unsponsored evening hours grew greater and greater and the four major chains—the American Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System, Mutual Broadcasting System, and National Broadcasting Company—realized they were standing on quicksand. In short order the whole emphasis in radio shifted from a network concept to a local operation. While radio found it could not persuade national sponsors to present entire programmes running thirty minutes or an hour there was a market for so-called 'spot' announcements. A 'spot' may run only thirty seconds or a

minute and can be placed directly with the individual station rather than with the network. Today virtually all of radio, from the economic standpoint that is, consists of 'spot' advertising; the exceptions are insignificant. But the 'spots', in turn, largely dictate the form of programming. If sufficient 'spots' are to be squeezed into a schedule to pacify a station's accountants, there must be sufficient interruptions to accommodate them.

The 'Spot' Operation

The phonograph record, with its running time of four minutes or so, is made to order for the 'spot' operation. Brief commercials can be inserted between the disks; in highly competitive markets it is commonplace for advertisements, often several of them, to be heard every five minutes right round the clock. Similarly, the so-called news broadcast, which is really only a recital of headlines and affords little meaningful comprehension of the day's events, can be done every half-hour for the same purpose: to set up a framework for 'spots'.

But there is more than mere madness behind the prevailing operation in radio. Television can do many things but in the United States at least it is deplorably weak in reporting immediate news. More specifically, television also requires the total concentration of the viewer. The set owner may have learned how to droop an eyelid during a sales pitch, but by and large it is hard to follow the miscellaneous perils of a Western while reading the latest confidences in *The News of the World*.

Radio's aim, by and large, has been to serve as a background diversion while the listener is doing something else. This means its greatest appeal comes during the daylight hours, which now are the main source of revenue for American stations. The distaff member of the household can get on with the ironing and cleaning while heeding a melodic attraction or worrying over the neuroses of the inhabitants of a soap opera. In fact, the radio hours most in demand are when untold millions are using their automobiles en route to and from their jobs. Radio broadcasters, in fact, are the only people who cherish traffic jams; they provide a captive audience for the sales pitches.

Operationally, the news-and-music concept of radio means the death of a network as such. Each station has its own teletype machine from one of the major press associations and also its own library of recordings, some contributed free of charge by the disk manufacturers. In short, in today's climate of sound broadcasting, a station can do anything a network can do. Networks are still held together for speeches by the President, and there is a small residue of national programmes that are simultaneously heard across the nation.

Heavy Toll for the Discriminating Listener

For the discriminating listener the decline of radio has exacted a heavy toll. Once upon a time American radio bristled with assorted controversial voices offering comment on the day's news. Now the Ed Murrows are gone and the likes of the late Elmer Davis simply non-existent. The few commentators still surviving speak to pitifully small audiences—it has been estimated that no commentator now reaches 1,000,000 homes.

Because the pressure to reach most people most of the time is bound to be keen in a medium that also is harassed by television, the general run of stations simply does not trifle with stimulating talks, drama specifically designed to intrigue the ear, the forgotten joy of poetry beautifully spoken, or the devastating essay that infuriates or delights a set owner. On the contrary, most stations

in recent years have set their sights on the huge market of teenage youngsters. With many concerned either with homework or the mobile life in their parent's automobile, the teen-agers have displayed a ready-made receptivity to the outpourings of second-rate radio. The world-wide craze over rock-'n'-roll was in large measure first generated by American radio stations which found a gold mine in exploitation of the younger generation. The recent revelation that disk jockeys received graft under the counter—the payola, as it were—has had a beneficial effect; some stations eager to don the mantle of virtue have begun playing less jarring tunes.

If the overall view of commercial radio is not encouraging, there are some signs of relief in efforts to programme for specialized or minority groups. But it is an uphill fight, as is borne out by official figures of the Federal Communications Commission, the governmental regulatory body. In 1949, for example, there was a total of 2,006 standard commercial stations in operation; at the end of 1959, this figure had zoomed to 3,377.

On the other hand, in 1949 there was a total of 737 frequency modulation stations whereas now there are only 622. But these figures are not as ominous as they may seem; two years ago the number of F.M. stations had dropped to 530, so actually there has been an increase.

One reason for F.M.'s slow start has been the indifference of

set manufacturers in exploiting the new medium, and the opposition of established broadcasters who did not want more competition than they had. But now the progress toward good radio, extremely limited in influence though it may be, does seem steadier than before. In the larger cities, where there is a multiplicity of television services—some cities have seven programmes—the novelty of the visual medium has begun to wear off and at least a few people are turning back to quality fare for the ear alone. In part this also reflects the astonishing boom in high-fidelity music in the home.

There are many experienced individuals in radio who believe that ultimately sound broadcasting must recognize realistically that it is now a minority medium and behave accordingly. One standard station in the metropolitan New York area, WPAT, has won a loyal following by playing fine popular music without any commercials over thirty-minute periods. Certainly, commercial pursuit of the mass man no longer makes much sense when that benumbed individual is otherwise preoccupied with his television set. The only course left to radio is to carve out its own place and purposely cultivate a following among those whose idea of choice goes beyond picking between two mystery shows. The best examples of American radio repeatedly demonstrate the shameful short-sightedness of reducing the aural medium to an animated billboard. But for the moment that's about what it is.

Was He Married?

(Two people talking)

Was he married? Did he try
To support as he grew less fond of them,
Wife and family.

No.
He never suffered such a blow.

Did he feel pointless, feeble and distraught,
Unwanted by everyone and in the way?

From his cradle he was purposeful,
His bent strong and his mind full.

Did he love people very much,
Yet find them die one day?

He did not love in the human way.

Did he ask how long it would go on?
Wonder if Death could be counted on for an end?

He did not feel like this,
He had a future of bliss.

Did he never feel strong
Pain for being wrong?

He was not wrong, he was right,
He suffered from others', not his own, spite.

But there is no suffering like having made a mistake
Because of being of an inferior make.

He was not inferior,
He was superior.

He knew then that power corrupts but some must govern?

His thoughts were different.

Did he lack friends? Worse,
Think it was for his fault not theirs?

He did not lack friends,
He had disciples he moulded to his ends.

Did he feel over-handicapped sometimes, yet must draw even?

How could he feel like this? He was the King of Heaven.

... find a sudden brightness one day in everything,
Because a mood had been conquered, or a sin?

I tell you, he did not sin.

Do only human beings suffer from the irritation
I have mentioned; learn too that being comical
Does not ameliorate the desperation?

Yes, only human beings do this,
It is because they are so mixed.

All human beings should have a medal,
A god cannot carry it, he is not able.

A god is man's doll, you ass,
He makes him up like this on purpose.

He might have made him up worse.

He often has, in the past.

To choose a god of love, as he did, and does,
Is a little move then?

Yes, it is.

A larger one will be when men
Love love and hate hate but do not deify them?

It will be a larger one.

STEVIE SMITH



Counsel for Defence

FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE to the Eastern Mediterranean, fifteen sovereign countries have knitted their resources into a common defence. Now ten years old, NATO is part of our vocabulary. We may not be able to list all fifteen members accurately. We may not know the difference between AIRCENT* and AFCENT†. But we all recognise NATO as one of the greatest expressions of the strength of the free world.

No force has made a more important contribution to building up the air defences of NATO than Britain's Royal Air Force. But the value of the R.A.F. to NATO cannot be measured by men and weapons only. The R.A.F. with its wide training facilities welcomes staff officers from the air forces of all NATO countries to its courses. In flying training and in technical advances, particularly in the field of radar and the early alerting of defence forces, the R.A.F. has shared its knowledge and equipment with NATO and the free world.

Alliances can never be static. Development and growth must be continual if a pact for defence is to have value. The Royal Air Force is proud of what it has already contributed to NATO. But it is conscious of the tasks still ahead. There can be no more satisfying and worthwhile career than to join in such work as this with the Royal Air Force.

*Air Forces, Central Europe. †Allied Forces, Central Europe.



FACT-FINDING. You may want to know more about commissions in the R.A.F.—either for yourself, or for young men who come to you for advice. Full details of new and better career prospects, higher pay and improved pensions, can be obtained from Group Captain J. N. Ogle, A.F.C., A.F.M., Air Ministry (LT62a), Adastral House, London, WC1. Give the ages and educational qualifications of the people concerned, and say whether they are interested in flying, technical, or non-technical careers.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 9-15

Wednesday, March 9

It is announced that Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones will be married at Westminster Abbey on May 6

Army battledress is to be replaced by a new style of uniform

The Chairman of the National Coal Board tells the miners' union that the Board cannot afford to meet their latest claim on wages and hours

Thursday, March 10

The Prime Minister makes a statement to the Commons on the future of the railways

The Government's guarantees for farmers are to be reduced by £9,000,000

Friday, March 11

The South African Government introduces a bill providing for a referendum (confined to white voters) on the question of a republic

The B.B.C. is to get a bigger proportion of the revenues from radio and television licences—95 per cent. in the coming financial year, and afterwards 100 per cent.

Saturday, March 12

Basutoland, the British protectorate in South Africa, in a first step towards independence, opens its first native parliament and installs a new paramount chief

Wales beats Ireland in the Rugby international match in Dublin by ten points to nine

Sunday, March 13

Owing to influenza Mr. Khrushchev postpones his forthcoming visit to France for a week

The Liberal Party organization appoints Mr. E. Douglas Robinson as its new Secretary

Monday, March 14

Mr. Richard Crossman, M.P., resigns from the Opposition front bench after an exchange of letters with Mr. Gaitskell on his attitude to Labour's policy on defence

A scheme to attract new industries to Malta, particularly from Britain, is announced by the Colonial Secretary

A new British Standard for oil-heaters will include a test for protection against draughts of up to 18 miles an hour

Tuesday, March 15

Representatives of ten nations assemble in Geneva for the Disarmament Conference

The Federal German Chancellor sees President Eisenhower in Washington

Lord Shawcross, who is a member of the Monckton Commission visiting the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, flies back to London for treatment for a slipped disk



Launching the latest American satellite, Pioneer V, by Thor-Able rocket from Cape Canaveral on March 11. The satellite is set towards an orbit of 500,000,000 miles round the sun between the Earth and Venus. The radio telescope at Jodrell Bank, which is tracking Pioneer V, expects to continue to receive signals from its powerful transmitter for the next five months. The satellite is then expected to be out of range until 1963



Helicopters arriving over H.M.S. 'Bulwark' before the carrier sailed from Devonport for the Mediterranean March 14 with No. 42 Commando, consisting of 600 officers and men of the Royal Marines, on board. It is the Navy's first Commando carrier



Mr. Harold Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan with President and Madame de Gaulle: a photograph taken at the French President's official country residence, the Chateau de Rambouillet, near Paris, last weekend when the two statesmen met for private talks



Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts campaigning at a shoe factory in Rochester, New Hampshire, on the eve of the State's primary elections on March 12 for the two parties' nominations for the Presidency. The result is said to have put Mr. Kennedy well ahead of any other potential candidate in the Democratic Party

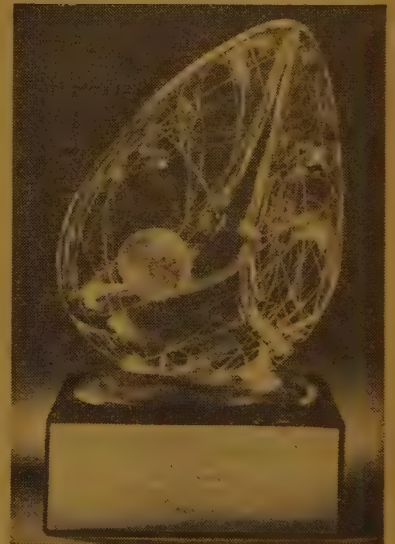


Good looking at a memorial designed by Frank Kovacs to those who died in the 1956, after he had been at the Polish Community's Club in White's Gate, London, on March 13



Crocuses blooming in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, last week

Left: a pupil of King's School, Canterbury, examining a replica of one of the stained-glass windows of Canterbury Cathedral made entirely in postage stamps by four former members of the School



'Genesis', an abstract sculpture in Steuben crystal by Donald Pollard, which was presented by President Eisenhower to the President of Brazil during his visit to that country last month



Tony, a cub born to the Syrian bears Winnie and Pickles at the London Zoo on New Year's eve, making his first appearance in public last week

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Germany's Collective Shame

Sir,—I read Professor Mitscherlich's talk (THE LISTENER, March 10) with great interest, the more so as I had read with horror and disgust his courageous book, *Wissenschaft ohne Menschlichkeit*, in which he describes what a good many Hitler Professors have done to helpless victims of the Third Reich—Germans, Poles, and Russians.

While subscribing to his statement that 'much of the previous anti-semitism has been transmuted in the current German anti-communism', and that 'no one in Germany stood up for the Jews' in Hitler's Germany, not even, I have to add, the Churches—I fail to understand why he calls it 'a riddle' that Hitler gained the support of teachers, judges, industrialists, and university professors. Thomas Mann, who had warned the Germans against Hitler from 1922 to 1933, speaks of 'a secret demonism' inherent in the German soul. German anti-semitism began with Luther, and it was preached in modern times by innumerable German intellectuals from the days of the philosopher Fichte to the days of H. S. Chamberlain who greeted the advent of Hitler with a sigh of relief. The S.S. General von dem Bach-Zelewski said in Nuremberg: 'If you preach for years, if you preach for decades that the Slavs are subhuman and the Jews no human beings at all, such an explosion was bound to happen'.

It was thus that the Roman Catholic poet and writer, Reinhold Schneider, told his fellow-countrymen, 'Do penance, pray and keep silent. Your guilt hovers in every corner'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

J. LESSER

Don't Rock Our Boat

Sir,—May I support Mr. McClean in his comments on Mrs. Barnes's talk on Southern Rhodesia? Although Mrs. Barnes says she is a Liberal, the people she attacks are not the white nationalists who govern and run Rhodesia but those in Britain who criticize her country, often with truth and realism. The usual enemy of a Liberal is a Conservative; in Rhodesia it is often a Liberal.

Mrs. Barnes would leave things to the 'man on the spot'—that is to all white Rhodesians (black Rhodesians are not 'on the spot')—on the assumption that they will use their almost absolute power fairly for the good of all and not mainly in their own interests. All history, and decidedly Rhodesian history, is against her: power by a people is never used this way.

What is needed in Southern Rhodesia is an opposition with a programme. As far as racial matters are concerned the following programme might be considered: a fresh review of the land division between the races; fair competition for all races for the better jobs on the railways and in industry, with equality in training for them; an increasing participation by Africans in government, local and central. There is much more than this, but it is a beginning for a pro-

gramme of 'partnership': 'Equal Rights for every Civilized Man', a policy laid down by Cecil Rhodes, Rhodesia's founder, and never carried out.

Can the Rhodesian Liberals come out into the open with some such programme as this and be a real opposition to racialism, white and black, by being themselves truly multi-racial in membership?—Yours, etc.,

Clacton-on-Sea

R. MCGREGOR

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—In THE LISTENER dated February 25 Mr. MacIntyre accuses me of rewriting his talk. I did not attempt to do this—perhaps it would have been better had I done so. My letter pointed out some implications of his arguments. He spoke of 'ritualized pseudo-conflicts', I suggested that a successful revolution would have been the only possible objective test as to whether the Communist Party in fact operated as a ritualized pseudo-conflict. In replying to this point, Mr. MacIntyre refers to 'genuine revolutionaries'. Presumably they are anybody upon whom he wishes to bestow praise. He can hardly mean anything else, since he informs us that some 'genuine revolutionaries can be unsuccessful'. I assume he would applaud not their lack of success but their 'genuine' intent. The only possible conclusion is that the term is less a description than a sign of favour. As with his use of the concept 'ritualized pseudo-conflicts', his use of the word 'genuine' is not amenable to serious debate. Both terms involve value judgments. Mr. MacIntyre confuses his opinions with the facts in a chaotic jumble.

The concept of 'ritualized pseudo-conflicts' has a further serious flaw. In the nineteen-twenties, when 'r.p.cs.' were known as 'left-wing safety valves', the notion was used by British Stalinists to slander such men as John Wheatley, James Maxton, and A. F. Brockway. Today it is a device which enables the Stalinists of the Socialist Labour League to distort the history of the Labour Movement. It was this fact that I was pointing out to Mr. MacIntyre. Whether it was used by Trotsky in *Pravda* (and in his *Russian Revolution*) is utterly beside the point.

I asked Mr. MacIntyre what he meant when he called the founders of the British Communist Party 'authentic Marxists'. He replied by parading a series of empty formulae; such formulae are no substitute for the facts. Is he aware that the 'world historical perspective' of Malone was very different to that of Walton Newbold, which in its turn was different to that of Bell? Will he explain exactly how Pankhurst, who rejected the Leninist approach to party discipline and said so publicly, 'united theory and practice in a Leninist manner'? Would he do the same for Walton Newbold and Malone? His phrase concerning their authenticity is devoid of meaning. The facts, as opposed to Mr. MacIntyre's ignorant opinions, are as I stated in my letter. The founding

members of the C.P. combined a wide assortment of ideas, opinions and experience.

In my letter I also asked Mr. MacIntyre to justify what I described as 'the unspoken assumption that any right-minded man reading Marx would come to the same interpretative conclusions as Mr. MacIntyre'. The history of Marxism is a history of competing interpretations, each claiming to be authentic. His reply, that he considers my doubt 'strange', betrays just the lack of historical perspective of which I previously complained.

Finally, I do not assume that Stalinism grew up in a few months or years. Indeed my remarks indicated exactly the contrary. Stalinism was, amongst other things, the natural heir of Lenin's dogmatism, of Lenin's repression of many who did not agree with him and of the almost complete isolation of the Communist Party from the Russian people. It would be salutary for Mr. MacIntyre to remember that his other hero, Trotsky, practised aspects of Stalinism before Stalin came to control the U.S.S.R. The state control of trade unions, quasi-military discipline in the factories, and crushing of opposition groups were either initiated or applauded by Trotsky.

Mr. MacIntyre is correct on only one matter. I did accuse him of ignorance of British Labour history; it is obvious that Russian history must be added to the list.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

R. E. DOWSE

Sir,—It is perhaps you and your readers who emerge from this lengthy correspondence with most credit. For the great length of the letters and the wide variety of the views expressed must have required a good deal of tolerance. Mr. R. E. Dowse has (in his letter which you print above) added to his misrepresentation of my talk (THE LISTENER, January 7) a misrepresentation of my reply (February 4) to his first letter. I suggest that your readers who wish to judge between us should simply turn back and compare what I said with his versions of what I said. Mr. Dowse has however given us his version of the history of Stalinism as well. On his view Stalinism perpetuates central features of Leninism and Trotsky is among its ancestors. This view in a number of different versions was, I should have thought, the fashionable one in our society. Mr. E. P. Thompson, however (March 3), argues that my view is the fashionable and acceptable one. Here again I leave it to your readers to judge whether I am merely repeating the late Senator McCarthy in criticizing the Communist Party for being insufficiently revolutionary.

As to Mr. Cadogan's letter (THE LISTENER, March 10) I accept his implicit reproof that I might have used the word 'intellectual' more clearly. I do not accept, of course, his description of the Socialist Labour League. But whether the S.L.L. is or is not democratic and Marxist will be very clearly manifested as time goes on. I myself have found no limitation on intellectual activity of any kind in the S.L.L.



‘Fill her up...’

Every motorist knows this phrase. You yourself probably use it hundreds of times. But have you ever thought where the petrol that flows into your tank *begins*, and what happens to it before you get it?

It begins, most likely, in some outlandish spot. Nature unkindly deposits the largest supplies of oil in the most difficult places. To find oil, you must penetrate jungles, explore deserts and even delve under the ocean bed. And you may be unlucky. More than a million exploratory wells have been drilled over the last 90 years and only a fraction has yielded oil.

Shell spends millions of pounds each year searching for the oil which the modern world needs increasingly. Once located, and brought to the

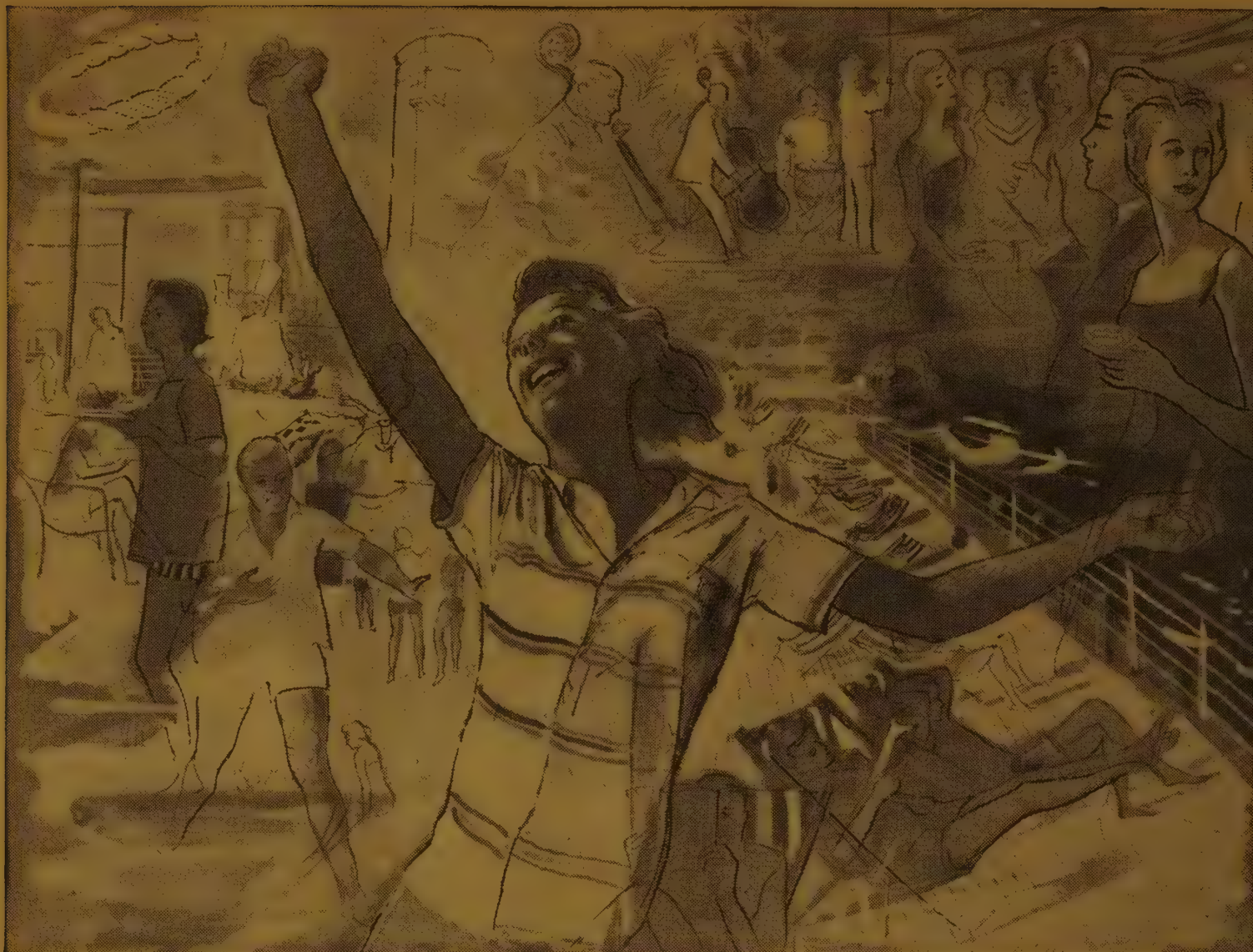
surface, it must then be carried thousands of miles by pipe-line and tanker to world refineries.

But this is only a start. To turn the crude oil into a modern high-octane petrol such as *Super Shell*, new refinery processes are employed which produce, at an economic cost, fuels far superior to those obtainable before. Chemical ‘additives’ are also used to step up performance without adding to the cost per gallon. A notable example is the Shell ignition control additive — I.C.A. — which overcomes faulty ignition due to engine deposits and so keeps engines smooth.

I.C.A. was a great research achievement, the most important in petrol for over 30 years, and it is exclusive to Shell. Valuable in every car, it is vital in modern high-compression engines. When you say ‘Fill her up’ at your Shell Station you benefit directly from fundamental developments such as this which are making motoring better for everyone.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF





Drawing by JOHN WARD, A.R.A., on board a P & O ship

Why do more and more busy people travel to Australia by P & O?

Good company . . . good food . . . good health . . . *good business*. Time to catch up . . . time to read . . . time to *think*! These are some of the many reasons that make more and more busy people choose P & O to Australia.

The voyage to Australia by P & O is an investment. An investment that can pay big dividends in increased personal efficiency, restored health and new business contacts.

Good Company Journalists . . . Soldiers . . . Industrialists . . . Scientists . . . Dons . . . there's always someone interesting to talk to on a P & O ship. So many pleasant meeting places too! Quiet lounges and cafes . . . comfortable bars . . . sunlit decks.

Good Food Exquisite continental cuisine . . . or the diet of an ascetic—P & O serves both with equal assurance. The widest possible choice of fine foods make the trip to Australia gastronomically memorable.

Good Health Day after glorious day of sunshine and sea breezes . . . deep relaxation. You

stride off the ship a new man. Tanned, fit, refreshed—you're ready for anything.

Good Business More and more busy people are going to Australia by P & O. So it's probable that you'll meet someone in your own line of business. And it's *certain* you'll meet someone who can give you valuable information . . . tips on the market . . . contacts. A P & O voyage to Australia is always a first-class business investment.

DON'T FORGET YOUR WIFE!

What's good for you is good for your wife and family too! They'll enjoy a P & O voyage—even if they follow you later. There are nurseries and trained children's hostesses on every ship. Incidentally more and more men are taking their wives with them on normal business trips.

Air-and-Sea If you're in a hurry, you have the best of both worlds by flying part-way, sailing the rest. Or flying out, sailing home. Whatever combination of air and sea travel suits you best can easily be arranged with your travel agent.

Pacific Outlets P & O is not only a great Commonwealth lifeline, with all the traditions of the British Mercantile Marine, but a magnificent outlet to the Pacific too. In conjunction with Orient Line, under the name Orient & Pacific Lines, services extend from Australia to the Orient and the West Coast of North America.



P & O

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14 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 WHI 4444
122 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3. AVE 8000

I could go on quarrelling with Mr. Thompson on many points. He has, since the argument started, shifted his ground very considerably. But I should like to end by saying that Mr. Thompson seems to me a serious critic in a way that Mr. Dowse is not. I do not think that Trotsky was right on every occasion; I do think that Trotsky learnt from, let alone paid for, his mistakes and that in so doing he built up a body of work which is now part of the Marxist classics. What Mr. Thompson wants to vindicate, or so I take it, is the humanist content of Communism. So do I. He and I would both agree that the Stalinist phase distorted and partially, although only partially, destroyed that content. I was concerned in my talk to give what still seems to me the basic analysis of that distortion, as it occurred in Britain. He has been concerned to underline that it was a distortion. He and I agree that the substance of the world Communist movement is not found in the lives of Stalin or Palme Dutt, but in the anonymous heroism of thousands of Communists. We remember Fucik's *Report from the Gallows* or the march of the Eighth Route Army. It is to the memory of such Communists that we owe the truth about the era which they endured. And I do not think that we can tell that truth without invoking Trotsky's analysis. Mr. Thompson may or may not agree. But about a society in which schoolchildren never hear of such things, but instead learn to sing the NATO hymn, I am sure that he and I agree in the fullest measure.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 2

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

[This correspondence is now closed.—Editor,
THE LISTENER]

The Future of the Railways

Sir,—In his letter Mr. Bonwit points out that the railways can be highly efficient, as are the French railways, yet run at a loss as a matter of state policy. The more relevant question, however, is whether the railways ought to be run at a loss—the question of economic (not technical) efficiency.

In addressing himself to just such a question, Mr. Knox has hit the nail on the head—though not hard enough by far in my opinion. True, road traffic ties down a large part of the police force. True also that in the coming year some 10,000 of our countrymen will be killed on the roads and about 500,000 will be injured. And if experience is any guide these numbers will increase every time. But external diseconomies should surely include the air we breathe—and in most of London it is scarcely fit to breathe—the interminable snorts of scooters and racing cars in every outlying suburb, the irresistible trend toward ribbon building which, if unchecked, must destroy the countryside and convert the whole of the south into a vast dormitory area, to say nothing of the more subtle effects on the national character and the more obvious ones on the health of the nation.

In this country, we are aware of the traffic problems encountered in the United States, and occasionally derisive about Los Angeles, 'the great gasopolis of the future' as it was dubbed by one of your contributors, but we are doing nothing at all to check a trend toward a similar utopia, fume-ridden and ever-roaring with petrol engines. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that what we are doing, namely,

building new highways and carving up our cities, is just the thing to increase the traffic everywhere, as they have already discovered in California and New York.

There is an unanswerable case for subsidizing the railways, and for high taxation of motor-cars, a case which ought to be put before the nation by the railways themselves.

Yours, etc.,

Tolworth

E. J. MISHAN

Sir,—Mr. F. Knox refers to my article in the *Economic Journal*. May I add that the taxpayer has bought the railways at one-third of their replacement value, and that the short railway strike proved the absolute futility of the motor-car to move any considerable number of passengers. So the railways are essential to our existence, the motor-car is not. To Mr. Ralf Bonwit I would reply British Railways are both an 'ordinary business' and a 'social service'. They do not pay, for the simple reason that they have to meet the subsidized competition of coaches, lorries, and cars, which are allowed to throw most of their running costs on the ratepayer, who has to provide, repair, police, and light their 'permanent way'—the road.

In all forms of land transport the governing item of cost is the permanent way. The train is merely the last of many services rendered by the railway, which in the case of road vehicles are rendered by the ratepayer.

Let me add that passenger traffic is itself partly subsidized by goods traffic and partly run, from the beginning, at a loss. No charge is made to the passenger for the two stations which he must use, although one of them at least is probably in the expensive part of a big city. If a parcel cost 16s. 8d. for 100 miles, would you expect it to be carried one mile for twopence? But that is the railway plan of charging passengers.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. E. ALLEN

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Sir,—Mr. Rush Rhees (THE LISTENER, February 25) assures us that: 'Of course Wittgenstein did not assume that he alone had something to teach'. This assurance is welcome. On this Mr. Rhees is indeed an authority; since he is one of the small band who enjoyed considerable personal contact with Wittgenstein.

But when he goes on to make assertions, unsubstantiated by quotation, about the content of material published in your journal these assertions have no similarly privileged status. Rhees writes: 'Of course Wittgenstein did not assume that he alone had something to teach. And Professor Malcolm (February 4) neither said this nor implied it'. But Professor Malcolm wrote, in the passage which I quoted (February 18):

Wittgenstein disliked teaching teachers of philosophy. . . . If someone came to his lectures for two or three years he would be introduced to only a small part of the inquiries that Wittgenstein had found it necessary to carry out, and when this student began to teach on his own he would find it impossible to sustain himself merely on what he had learned from Wittgenstein, and he would either give up or else cultivate some affection of originality.

Now in saying this Professor Malcolm may well have been misleading or mistaken. But surely what he actually said does imply that

Wittgenstein believed that it was impossible for his pupils after leaving him to learn from any other source or to show genuine originality? Of course it is not clear from the words quoted whether we are to infer, as I did, that this was because, in Wittgenstein's view, Wittgenstein alone had anything to teach; or, as I refrained from pointing out, because he thought that he attracted a peculiar sort of pupil and had a peculiar effect on him. Certainly I do not myself wish to say, or to take any initiative in suggesting: either that he would have been right in holding either of those opinions; or that he did indeed hold them. Yet the inference licensed by the words which Professor Malcolm chose to use is that in fact he did. If, as I should hope, this is false the error rests not with me but with Professor Malcolm.

Again Mr. Rhees rebukes me for talking of a cult of personality, and asserts: 'Mr. Dixon, by the way, had spoken of Wittgenstein's work. It was Professor Flew who switched over to the "cult of personality"'. What Mr. Dixon actually wrote, in the passage which I quoted, was 'But to me (and I think and hope I am representative), who never had the privilege of personal contact with him, Wittgenstein's work stands as the intellectual monument of our age. It is not unreasonable but mere fact to say, "To us to think is Wittgenstein"'. Certainly Mr. Dixon speaks of Wittgenstein's work. But it was his comment, which was his and not mine, which provoked me to suggest that Mr. Dixon was 'not here representative of anything; unless perhaps it is of a certain "cult of personality" among an inner circle of disciples'. No doubt if the subject had been not Wittgenstein but Stalin Mr. Rhees too would have been able to recognize in this perfervid expression of 'Mr. Dixon's enthusiasm' an index of a certain 'cult of personality'.—Yours, etc.,

Keele

ANTONY FLEW

Symbol and Image

Sir,—I disagree with Sir Russell Brain when he says, in his talk published in THE LISTENER, March 10, that the senses can make mistakes.

My senses are by themselves incapable of capricious activity because they can neither act at random nor freely. Consequently the senses of themselves must always act truthfully. I feel what I feel. If I feel a pain in the hand of an arm which has been amputated, I feel a pain in the hand. I obviously do not feel a pain in the foot. The error creeps in not because my senses have told me an untruth but because my mind has made a wrong judgment. Having felt a pain in the hand I realize that I have no arm. The judgment of my mind made the mistake, not my sense of feeling.—Yours, etc.,

Petts Wood

S. WEST

Thomas Coke, 1747-1814

Sir,—I am making a study of Dr. Thomas Coke and the development of Methodism between 1780 and 1815, and am seeking unpublished material, particularly letters written by or to Coke. I should be grateful if any of your readers who possess (or know the whereabouts of) such MS. material would write to me at the address given below. Any material loaned will be promptly returned, by registered post if desired.—Yours, etc.,

71, Beechcroft Road, JOHN A. VICKERS
Ipswich, Suffolk.

Painting of the Month

'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian'

By L. D. ETTLINGER

THE National Gallery owns almost 2,000 paintings, and you may wonder why I have chosen to talk about the Pollaiuolo 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian'. It is not one of the most famous possessions of this incomparably rich collection, not one of those masterpieces which hold us spellbound. It lacks the magic poetry of a Titian or a Rembrandt, the meticulous clarity of a Jan Van Eyck, the calm composure of a Poussin or the homely atmosphere of a Constable. In fact, it has been called by one critic 'a not very attractive picture'. With that view I, for one, would not agree. I find this picture, whenever I see it, immensely exciting and absorbing, for I read it as a moving document of artistic endeavour. After all, there are many reasons why we go to galleries and are captivated by pictures, and there are no wrong reasons for liking them.

'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian', painted by two Florentines in 1475, reveals almost everything that occupied the minds of painters in Florence during a century which changed the face of European painting. It can be looked at as an illustration to a Florentine treatise on painting. Antonio Pollaiuolo—and it was probably he who designed this picture; his brother Piero only helped in the execution—was wide awake to current problems, and this large altar-piece is his serious and sincere attempt to give us his answer to them.

At first sight, this picture does not seem very subtle. St. Sebastian, in the centre, is tied to a stake; six archers in various attitudes are grouped round him; and these human figures form a kind of pyramid with the saint's head at the apex. An interesting device has been used to avoid repetition and monotony: on either side of the saint the archers correspond to each other, but in reverse, so to speak: the one on the extreme left is seen from the front, his opposite number on the right is seen from the back, and so on. The two outer archers stand with their feet apart, but the two in the foreground, nearest to the stake—the ones bending down and winding their crossbows—have their feet together; they bend their knees outward and hold their bows between their legs. Thus, there is both order and symmetry, and yet constant change, a definite rhythm, which belies a first impression of lack of subtlety. The artist has taken care to give a convincing account of a dramatic action, naturally performed; but he has disciplined his observation for the sake of strict pictorial order.

That applies not only to details: it applies to the general effect of the whole picture. If one looks at it from a distance of about ten feet or a little more, the saint and his torturers stand out three-dimensionally against the landscape

tion, the clash between the realistic detail and the obvious desire to contain such realism within a painting in which close attention to the qualities of design determines the final place of even the smallest detail.



'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian', by Antonio and Piero del Pollaiuolo: in the National Gallery

background. The scene looks as real as if we saw it before our very eyes. But while looking at it, we become aware of a rather over-tidy arrangement, of something unnatural in the grouping, of something stilted in the movement. We become aware of the diagonals which hold together the group of human figures—of this light triangle of bodies which is set against a darker background composed of a number of horizontal strips. Antonio Pollaiuolo must have tried to make every limb, face, gesture, every detail of the landscape, as natural as possible. Yet the whole scene is far more rigid, far more balanced, than any such horrible event could possibly have been. Surely, here is a contradic-

tion. The attention paid to perspective is only one sign that Florentine artists were passionately interested in nature. They also studied the human body, its anatomy, its mechanics, and its proportions. Previously, painters had been satisfied with traditional formulae handed down from generation to generation and faithfully studied from pattern books. Now artists began to draw from the model and to pose the model. A contemporary writer has recorded what, in his opinion, a painting should achieve. Leonardo Battista Alberti, who was also a Florentine, was not only a scholar and amateur artist himself, he was a close friend of the most progressive artists of his day and knew what was being discussed in their studios. His treatise

I must try to explain how the conflict arose for Antonio Pollaiuolo and why I call 'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' a document of artistic endeavour. Artists in the early fifteenth century were searching for means of translating what the eye had seen into life-like pictures. They observed the world around them, they studied the human body, and they wondered how they could achieve an illusion of reality. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Filippo Brunelleschi, made the most important discovery in this respect: perspective. He established certain geometrical laws and found practical methods which allowed artists to solve this problem. As his biographer put it: 'He enabled artists to represent correctly and rationally the differences in size seen by the human eye in near and far objects, such as buildings, planes, mountains, and landscapes of all kinds, and to give figures and everything else a suitable size corresponding to the distance which they are seen'. Perspective, as Brunelleschi and his followers taught it, had to do with the rendering of objects in space. Pictures should conform to visual perception. If we look once more at Pollaiuolo's painting we shall see how convincingly he indicates recession by diminishing the scale of his figures. There are large executioners in the foreground, smaller ones behind the stake, and still smaller soldiers with their horses in the background. A fifteenth-century author had a good way of describing such pictures: he called them 'a view through an open window'.

on painting, written in 1435, is dedicated to Brunelleschi. 'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' was painted forty years later. But Alberti's rules still held good, and his precise formulations throw more light on Antonio Pollaiuolo's methods than many a modern analysis of this picture.

'One divides painting into three parts', Alberti writes, 'and we have taken this division from Nature: contour, composition, and light'. Having given these terms of reference, he explains each of them in turn. Contour must be a clear and simple delineation of the boundaries of each figure. Antonio followed this precept almost too closely: each of his seven figures is clearly circumscribed; they do not overlap: they barely touch each other.

Next comes composition. But by this term Alberti does not mean exactly what we mean when we use the word today. Composition is a method by which the individual elements are fitted together in a picture. That requires, above all, close attention to the anatomy and correct proportion of the human figure, and Alberti advises artists to begin by drawing the skeleton, to add the muscles, and, finally, to clothe this framework with flesh and skin. There was hardly an artist in Florence who took this advice more literally than Antonio Pollaiuolo; and every one of his figures bears witness to his sure knowledge of anatomy. If we look a little more closely, for example, at the shoulder and arms of the archer winding his crossbow, we shall understand why Vasari, the sixteenth-century historian of art, wrote that Pollaiuolo, who dissected many corpses, was the first to represent the correct action of the muscles. We can see the swelling of the veins and muscles, Vasari says, of the archer winding his bow, and even the manner in which he is holding his breath.

Figures in Character

But composition, as far as Alberti was concerned, was much more than simply a matter of giving the correct physical appearance of the human figure. This figure must also be in character: athletes must be athletic in every limb. Hence, in Pollaiuolo's picture, the fine contrast between the sturdy executioners with their taut muscles, and the slimmer, slightly feminine figure of the saint: the difference is intentional, and for Alberti—or any follower of his—it would have been ludicrous to design a hefty saint with a meek and submissive face. This meek expression, which may strike us as inappropriate, was chosen deliberately, because it was one of the conventions of the period for suggesting saintliness. In Alberti's own words: 'All figures, both in size and function, must be related to the story they represent'.

For it is a picture telling a story convincingly which Alberti has in mind; and so composition means for him still more than simply formal order: composition for him is akin to appropriateness. Consequently, Alberti appreciates variety only as long as every detail appears in its proper place and belongs to the story. The soldiers in the background of the 'Martyrdom' are not just there to fill an empty spot in the picture. They, and the triumphal arch on the left, indicate both the time and the place of this incident; they also remind us that the saint had been a commander in the Imperial Guards.

Pollaiuolo's picture is clear and simple because

he uses only seven principal figures. There are no extras to obscure the story. 'Just as princes lend weight to their orders by being brief', Alberti had written, 'a limited number of figures adds not a little dignity to a picture'. And he added that these few figures should be shown in various positions, some standing upright, others sitting, some dressed, others nude. This particular piece of advice Antonio has followed again and turned to the greatest advantage: the action unfolds itself through the various positions and gestures of the six executioners.

Demonstration of Alberti's Rules

Antonio may have been particularly receptive in this respect; he was fascinated by the human figure—that is the human figure in violent action, and the way in which it can be correctly yet pictorially rendered. His only signed engraving shows ten nude men fighting. They take up all sorts of attitudes, some are on the ground and some are stabbing each other. But every individual figure is placed in such a way that the movement of all limbs is easily understood. There are the same kinds of inversions as seen in the archers of the 'Martyrdom'. Art historians have done a good deal of ingenious and unsuccessful guesswork about the subject-matter of 'The Battle of the Ten Nudes'. Maybe Antonio was illustrating some legend or other, but I think that can only have been a pretext. From the artist's point of view this print is another demonstration of Alberti's rules, something like a sheet in a pattern book.

In Pollaiuolo's 'St. Sebastian' the archers are examples of what was later to be called an 'Academy figure', that is a model posed in some interesting attitude for the purpose of study and instruction. True, they fulfil a function in the telling of the story, but they do so a little too obviously; they are also variations over the theme: the human figure in motion. We are hardly surprised to learn that, within his lifetime, drawings by Antonio were handed round artists' studios and copied by students.

Of course, not every artist in Florence shared Antonio's preoccupation; Botticelli also painted a St. Sebastian—it is a single figure, now in Berlin—and his picture probably antedates Pollaiuolo's by only a year. How much stronger is the Gothic tradition in Botticelli's figure. The anatomy is roughly correct, but the sway of the figure, the elongated limbs, the linear design, all this takes precedence over the acute observation of muscles and joints.

Light and Shade

Alberti spoke of contour, composition, and light as the basic requirements of painting; but when he mentions light, we must not think of it in modern terms. He means simply that he wants painters to study modelling by light and shade: in this too Antonio Pollaiuolo followed him. The saint and the archers stand out light against a dark background; each figure is strongly modelled, and in this way Pollaiuolo conveys to us a real feeling for the third dimension. It is worth while studying this particular device a little more closely. The archers in the foreground are more strongly modelled than the men shooting at the saint from behind. The soldiers in the foreground stand on one common footline and move in one plane, and the same is true of the two in the background. Each of

these planes in turn is set parallel to the darker background, for the footlines of the executioners run parallel to the lower edge of the picture. Hence Pollaiuolo's painting has a good deal in common with a Greek or Roman relief in which figures stand before the ground much in the same way. That is precisely the impression the artist must have wanted to convey. For Alberti had urged painters to pay attention to this effect: 'Connoisseurs and laymen will praise a face which stands out like something cut with a chisel', he had written.

Yet 'The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' is not a stone relief; in fact there is a good deal of colour in it, but it is applied in a particular way, and again Alberti may be held responsible for this. For the variety of colours, the striped loincloth, the cloaks, accord well with his demand to increase the beauty of one colour by setting it by the side of another. Pink, green, and sky-blue were colours he recommended—and Antonio used these a good deal.

Remarkable Landscape Background

In his treatise on painting, Alberti had not spoken of landscape and its treatment, but we know that he experimented with a kind of box, something like a *camera obscura*, in order to demonstrate 'high mountains, distant views, the infinite expanse of the sea stretching to the horizon and disappearing in a haze'. Again, this may help us to understand Pollaiuolo's beautiful and truly remarkable landscape background. The 'Martyrdom' is not set within this piece of Tuscan scenery; it happens in front of it, as before a back-drop on a stage. There is no real relationship between foreground and scenery. The stake is set up on a high hillock, there is a sharp fall away to the valley behind, but there is no middle ground to act as a link. The landscape is just such a distant view as mentioned in the account of Alberti's demonstration: it is a kind of pictorial map seen from high above, there is a river winding towards the horizon, there is a large expanse of valley, and there are far-away blue mountains. All this seems to be almost a picture by itself.

I think we can see how this came about. Antonio Pollaiuolo wanted to embody in his picture everything Alberti, the most advanced art critic, had recommended. But he did not succeed in fusing all the divergent elements into an absolutely satisfactory picture. Really too many new things had been discovered. But let us not be unnecessarily hard on this daring painter. After all, he was one of the first Italians to attempt such an ambitious background, and some of the details are lovely—for example, the river and the weir on the right.

I began by calling Pollaiuolo's picture a document of artistic endeavour. The master had grown up at a time when the conquest of reality was the all-pervading passion of painters. The works of Masaccio and Donatello were there to be followed, and Alberti had codified this tradition in his book. Now, in 1475, all this is at Antonio's disposal—observation, a respect for pictorial values, dignity, and restraint. But he never forgets that he is making a religious picture. The dignity and saintly suffering of Sebastian have their counterpart in the dignity and serenity of the composition, which presages the much more subtle art of Raphael and his generation.—Home Service

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

ONE is apt to think of Claude Rogers as a sober and methodical artist, patiently working out his well-knit and carefully planned compositions and disdaining, as a pillar of the Euston Road and an upholder of the Slade tradition should do, any obvious charm or romantic appeal. But as well as this high seriousness, which is certainly an important element in his art, he has a quick and lively mind which leads him from time to time to find subjects for pictures in the most unlikely places and events. In his last exhibition, held as long ago as 1954 (he has always been a slow and perfectionist painter) there was a series of small hospital scenes in which everything was observed—the body exposed for the surgeon's inspection, the harsh colour of the walls—with the most uncompromising accuracy. In his present exhibition at the Leicester Galleries he has a series of larger pictures, one of them is the largest work here, of an equally surprising subject, a field in which the straw is burning fiercely. One of these paintings even shows the fire by night, and in the rest the swirling flames and smoke occupy much of the picture and are portrayed with free and vigorous brushwork which at times may even remind one of the action painters' flailing gestures.

For an artist who usually works slowly from nature, taking many sittings for a portrait and carefully guarding the subject of a still life from day to day, this might be thought an unpromising theme. Certainly it is not to be expected that this series should have the most characteristic features of his work, the gravity and composure, for example, of the other landscapes; but by way of compensation there are the brilliance and spirit of the handling, especially in the largest of the group, and many passages of rich and inventive colour. Moreover, this choice of an unusual subject is a natural reflection of a recent change, or rather shift, in the painter's style. He now paints a good deal more loosely than before and with a new assurance; there is less modelling—a flower-pot, for example, is represented by a flat patch of almost uniform red—and the colour is apt to be brighter and more resonant.

The great merit of Rogers's painting is the

breadth of the design, the amplitude and dignity which he gives to every form. The new freedom he has taken has not led to the loss of these qualities; on the contrary, the 'Red Still Life', though there is a marked simplification and even stylization of some of the forms, is one of the most impressive works he has ever painted, especially remarkable for the balance and serenity



'Clover Field', by Claude Rogers: from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

of the design. In the past the restraint which was needed to achieve such an effect was accompanied in some of the artist's works by a certain severity, even harshness, as if he had felt compelled to repress some natural exuberance. But in these new paintings, and particularly in the landscapes, there is certainly no repression; sweeping brushstrokes give the structure of the land and there is an uninhibited use of singing colour.

In his recent paintings at the same gallery Lord Haig has moved towards abstraction without effecting any other considerable change in his way of painting; these new designs are as light in touch, as pleasing and conciliatory in colour, and as gracefully fluent as any of his earlier works. Anne Dunn's drawings and watercolours, the Leicester Galleries' third exhibition, are remarkable for the dexterity with which she uses natural forms as the basis of a calligraphic pattern, an arabesque of great delicacy which may also reveal close observation of some small patch of landscape, sprays of leaves, or even an amorphous heap of sea-drift.

Sickert was born in 1860, and to mark

his centenary Roland, Browse and Delbanco Gallery is holding an exhibition of his work; is the first of several to be held this year, one at Agnew's opening yesterday is too late to be noticed this week, and another is to be held later at the Tate Gallery. Without having to borrow anything, Roland, Browse and Delbanco have got together a very fine collection, mainly of work

of moderate size; these include Venetian figure paintings, the superb portrait of Israel Zangwill, and good examples of his view of Dieppe. 'The Trapeze', a later work painted in 1920, is one of the most exciting of all Sickert's pictures: the colour of the small spotlight figure so rivets the attention that one altogether fails to notice how little space it occupies in an otherwise uneventful canvas.

Drawings and watercolours by Jankel Adler at the Waddington Galleries suggest, as his oil paintings hardly do, that his most original and individual gift was for a kind of illustration akin to caricature: there is a queer poetry in his extraordinary figures, half pathetic and half absurd, and at the same time an ease and elegance in the

simplification which is really lacking in his more abstract designs. Paintings by Sheila Fell, at the Beaux Arts Gallery, include some mountainous landscapes in Cumberland which impress one by their sombre intensity and resolute gloom.

The Adams Gallery is showing a collection of modern French paintings which range from agreeable landscapes by minor impressionists such as Luce and Henri Martin to works of harsh realism by André Minaux. A painting of a bull by Lorjou, a work of terrific force and vitality, dominates the exhibition. Wildenstein Gallery has an entertaining exhibition of paintings of horses by living French artists; the best known of these is no doubt Brianchon, though unfortunately his horses are little more than incidental features in a landscape; but perhaps the most original is Paul Guirmand, whose animals are always full of expression.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses on Art*, originally composed in the late eighteenth century as lectures to students at the Royal Academy, have been edited by Robert R. Wark, Curator of Art Collections, the Huntington Library in San Marino, California (Oxford, £4).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Life and Times of Ernest Bevin: Volume One. Trade Union Leader, 1881-1940. By Alan Bullock. Heinemann. £2 10s.

Reviewed by MARGARET COLE

ERNEST BEVIN was a big man; and he is to have a monumental memorial piled upon him; this volume of 672 pages, the fruit of immense reading in journals, conference and other reports as well as in books, takes us only to the formation of the Churchill government, and there is presumably a second to follow on 'The Minister of the Crown'. To be given so large a space in which to deploy has two principal advantages for the historian-biographer: he can quote long extracts of his subject's *ipsissima verba*, and he can also describe in full detail incidents and processes, struggles and negotiations, which a shorter book would have had to reduce to tedious summary.

Mr. Bullock makes full use of both these advantages; after a rather slow start—Bevin was himself a slow starter, of minor importance, save for the much-publicized appearance as the Dockers' K.C., until the 'twenties were well begun, and Mr. Bullock finds little fresh to say about the early period—the narrative is full of interest and documentation. Not only does Mr. Bullock provide excellent and balanced accounts of pieces of Labour history of which most have at any rate heard, such as Black Friday, the 1931 crisis, and the General Strike (though in the last-named he rather surprisingly omits any mention of the effect of the lawyers' pronouncement that the strike was illegal); he also manages to make the story of trade unions and trade union organization and struggle, from the end of one war to the beginning of a second, of absorbing interest; and that is no small achievement. The reader waits in real suspense to know how Bevin succeeded in getting fourteen autonomous unions, all with general secretaries and a paraphernalia of officials, committees and commitments, to come together in the Transport and General Workers' Union ('You may make a great speech on unity', said he, but when you have finished the British trade unionist will say "What about funeral benefits?"'); he is interested to discover what made the flour-milling industry such a home of peace, why so many dockers resisted decasualization, how the merchant sailors were rescued from the unholy combination of Havelock Wilson and the Shipping Federation; and he follows with keen attention the saga of Bevin and the busmen, of Bert Papworth and the Rank-and-File Committees. The political history of the period has been fully written up; this is the story of the life of industry which had to go on, day by day, whatever Labour leaders were doing in Parliament or out of it. Mr. Bullock has done, for a large part of the trade union movement between the wars, the work which the Webbs long ago did for its Victorian days—and done it fully as well.

In the history, his book is vivid and well balanced, whether or not one may agree fully

with a few of his conclusions; he argues, for example, that Black Friday was not a 'betrayal', but as the temper of 1926 shows, it was clearly *felt* to be, by many others than the miners. On the character of his hero, he is not quite so happy; he describes the massive object with many of the characteristics of a *prima donna* more than once, but none of it comes over so bright and clear as the few pages in Francis Williams's biography of 1952. Part of the reason may be that Mr. Bullock is influenced by the sequel yet to come. Bevin's war services, like Churchill's, seem largely to have wiped out earlier mistakes; and those mistakes and unpleasing incidents, though not omitted, are passed over too lightly. Bevin, as Francis Williams (who loved him) said, was 'often ruthless, sometimes brutal, frequently childish egotistical, at times needlessly vindictive'; apart from the cruel crushing of Lansbury, which few defended in its method, his treatment of Ben Tillett, of Harry Gosling, of Robert Williams, and, at times, of Arthur Henderson, however justified he may have believed himself, certainly lacked the quality of mercy. It was reported after his death that when someone referred to a colleague as being 'his own worst enemy' Bevin growled, 'Not while I'm alive, 'e ain't'—an anecdote easily recognizable. That trait, and a tendency to appropriate other people's ideas—often, probably, unconsciously—and reproduce them as his own, is a side of Ernest Bevin which might have been brought out more clearly, and would not have done any harm to his reputation, which rests solidly on gifts of intuition, of imagination, of loyalty, of leadership and (tantrums notwithstanding) of essential magnanimity which we shall not easily find again. He was a great man, and a great force—is it altogether wide of the mark to suggest that his nearest modern parallel, given the differences of time and circumstance, is Nikita Khrushchev?

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Willard M. Wallace. Oxford, for Princeton. 35s.

Among the great Elizabethans, Sir Walter Raleigh holds the attention with a special grip. More articulate than most, he also remains a greater enigma. Though his abilities were clearly prodigious, he achieved very little; yet his sowing gave others the reaping of a splendid harvest in the realms of the mind as well as in the forests of America. Perhaps his striking appeal owes as much to his unhappy life as to his formidable personality. Anyone who can contemplate unmoved those thirteen years in the Tower after conviction on a fantastic charge of treason, or the pathetic shadow of the man in Guiana, trying in his sixties to copy the exploits of his manhood and overtaken by tragedy at every turn, has too little of the romantic in him. Even Professor Wallace, sober and rather simple as his view of life seems to be, does not fail to stir the imagination once he has got his hero away from the rigours and vigours of ambition into the dark tunnel which led down the years to the astonishing triumph on the scaffold.

Raleigh's life has been written sufficiently

often, and Mr. Wallace's justification for doing so again must be that he attempts a fuller biography than we have had for some time. He has produced a sensible enough record; his facts are rarely at fault, and he discusses problems of the evidence with sense and acuteness. Though he cannot see virtue in Robert Cecil and is taken in by the Earl of Essex, he moves with reasonable assurance in the politics of Elizabeth's and James I's courts. However, he unfortunately lacks any deeper understanding of the complex and brilliant character with which he has to deal. Raleigh's fatal unpopularity is not rendered comprehensible because his arrogance, though mentioned, is never made real. Nor does Mr. Wallace seem qualified to judge the mind of a great sceptic: Raleigh's notorious 'atheism' evokes some very helpless glosses and the author is clearly happier when in his old age Raleigh pretended a more conventional piety. Certain remarks concerning the ethics of the twentieth and sixteenth centuries suggest that Hitler and Stalin (and even Joe McCarthy?) have left no impression at the Wesleyan University of Connecticut. Happily, some of the great poems are quoted, though the comments on them would not disgrace an examination paper. Despite all this, Sir Walter overcomes the deficiencies of his biographer and gains from his honesty and kindness. This is a book well worth reading.

G. R. ELTON

Social Change in Tikopia. By Raymond Firth. Allen and Unwin. £2 5s.

The people of the tiny Polynesian island of Tikopia, in the Solomon Islands protectorate, are among the best-known and best-described primitive societies in the world, thanks to the monographs which Professor Raymond Firth published in the years after his field trip in 1929. Professor Firth is perhaps the most distinguished of Malinowski's pupils and *We, The Tikopia* and *The Work of the Gods* are books of which British anthropology is justifiably proud.

In 1952 Professor Firth returned to Tikopia for five months (accompanied by a Canadian research assistant who stayed on a year after he left) to study the changes which had taken place in the society in the generation since he had first visited them. This was a work of potentially major importance; it would show not only the changes in one small community but the changes in British anthropological techniques and concepts; it might perhaps add an historical dimension to the strictly synchronic descriptions and analyses which have characterized British anthropology over the last two decades. These promises *Social Change in Tikopia* fulfils; it is an epitome of the strengths and weaknesses of current British anthropology, and is essential reading for all who are interested in the subject. It is written clearly and without jargon.

On a macroscopic level, the chief changes which took place in Tikopia during the twenty-three years between Professor Firth's two visits were greatly increased contacts with the outside

world through relatively frequent visits from ships; through the recruitment, after 1948, of young Tikopia men to work on the neighbouring islands; and through the demands for metal and for European domestic utensils, cosmetics, clothes, and lighting which could be gratified by barter with the visiting ships and the wages of the emigrant workers. Furthermore, Christian missionaries who had been on the island since 1911 were being increasing successful in their proselytizing: in 1929 half the population was Christian; by 1952 six-sevenths were converted; and in 1956 the whole population was Christian. Concurrently, the population had increased by more than a quarter, from 1,300 to 1,750 people, with resulting pressure on the limited resources of fertile land from which the Tikopia derive most of their food. This would seem to be due, at least in part, to the influence of Christianity which forbade the methods by which population had previously been kept under control, abortion and infanticide. Tikopia was untouched by the war in the Pacific, except for some propaganda droppings.

It would seem likely that these incorporations into larger economic and political organizations and into a world religion would have profoundly modified the Tikopia values, their view of themselves, their concepts of place and time, and most of their major categories of thought. This may be so, but Professor Firth tells us nothing about it. He is keeping, he says, the study of the changes in religion for another volume; here he tells us nothing concrete about the tenets and practices of Christianity on Tikopia, not even the sect of the mission (though it would seem to be some brand of Protestantism). Since the impact of Christianity permeates practically every facet of the subjects he does study, this is a major omission; even for those readers who are themselves practising Christians it cannot be assumed that they will know how Melanesian priests and Polynesian communicants behave.

What Professor Firth has studied with microscopic minuteness are the changes in economic resources; in rights over land; in patterns of residence and marriage; in the descent groups; in the political system; and in social control. These studies had to be microscopic, for there were no major changes in most of these institutions over the generation: a slight increase in individual ownership (in contrast to shared ownership) in land; slightly more lineage differentiation; a slight but marked tendency to individuation, to emphasis on the individual and his immediate family, rather than on the extended family and the clan. These studies of selected institutions could not be more complete or more precise; but to one reader at least they have somewhat the flavour of medieval scholasticism.

The most generally interesting chapters in this book are the opening and the closing ones. Shortly before Professor Firth's arrival, Tikopia had been devastated by a hurricane (a disaster which recurred roughly every twenty years) and the population was threatened by famine—there would indeed have been starvation without outside relief—and the account of the ways in which Tikopia dealt with this prolonged emergency is full of interest and insight. The society and its institutions were able to adapt successfully, despite widespread stealing of food (the *tabu* signs were ignored, a fact which Professor Firth does not link with conversion); 'their morals

degenerated but their manners remained'. In the final chapters he discusses the changing roles of the chiefs and their executors now that the chiefs are losing their ritual character and functions and, summarily, the contrast of Christian and pagan norms; he contrasts the Christian emphasis on intention with the pagan emphasis on situation in passing judgment on behaviour. This is a suggestive phrasing; and it is a pity that the *tabu* on detailed discussion of topics which are not susceptible to numeration has forced Professor Firth to dismiss it in a few discreet paragraphs.

GEOFFREY GORER

Poetry of This Age, 1908-1958

By J. M. Cohen. Hutchinson. 25s.

A paper-back edition by Arrow Books Ltd. 5s.

This is an unusual and interesting book. The title means what it says; the half-century covers the poetry of 'the six principal languages of Europe and America' during the period, and refers to the work of some fifty poets. In order to manipulate this vast body of material Mr. Cohen—already well known as a translator and critic of French, Russian, and Spanish—has divided his book into ten sections (rather than chapters) each section corresponding to a movement of thought, fashion, fantasy, or technique in which his selected poets are set. Thus we open with 'Le Frisson Nouveau', move to 'Different kinds of failure', thence to (Stefan) 'George, Rilke, Valéry'. The title 'To the Remote Hesperides' covers first the Andalusian poets, and moves on to Yeats and Edwin Muir; 'The vision of the Apocalypse' is mainly concerned with Blok, Trakl, Heym and Campana, and ends—perhaps a little improbably—with Wilfred Owen and Robert Graves.

'In the Waste Land' is not altogether what we should expect, for it begins with Unamuno, Machado, Apollinaire, Ungaretti, and Montale, before reaching its natural climax with Eliot. There follow the groups 'New violence breaks in' (this is mainly Russian, but Supervielle, Dylan Thomas and Edith Sitwell are honourably mentioned); 'The poetry of resistance' which centres on Lorca, Alberti, Eluard, and Quasimodo, though Auden is (perhaps a little uneasily) of this company also. 'Virgin Soil' opens with Pound and Wallace Stevens, and works through South America (Vallejo and Neruda, Molinari and Paz); and we are left with a section—perhaps, and one would expect this from the forest of so many dead trees and saplings, the least satisfactory in the book—called 'Where we stand now'.

The total impression is remarkable and quite unusual; for while we have much critical work that points out the interplay of ideas and techniques between two or sometimes three languages, there is no book on quite this scale or with this kind of approach. The layout is excellent, the many quotations are given in the original languages, but translated by the author as prose in unobtrusive footnotes; although we have from time to time an established verse translation, by Frances Cornford, or Sir Maurice Bowra, or by Mr. Cohen himself.

A comparative study of this kind has special merits. We are made aware of a new range of interest, of a new complexity within certain wide groupings of European poetry. The common

themes are related wherever possible to political and economic events. And although many of the poets will be unfamiliar even to the ordinary well-read man, we are given the stimulus, and something of the apparatus, to read much more.

Nor do the groupings seem unduly strained though Mr. Cohen's skilful selection and arrangement are no doubt responsible for the unity which he perceives under each. An expert in each language would probably raise objection on the grounds of omission, but it is well to remember the planned scale of the book. We can make a rough test by considering Mr. Cohen's general criticism of the poets with whom everyone is familiar (e.g., Eliot, Yeats, Rilke, Lorca, Pound); we shall find that his approach is sound on rather orthodox lines, but that new illumination comes very often from the comparisons and contrasts which Mr. Cohen's vast reading allows him to indicate. The whole forms a fascinating series of patterns of a bold and generous kind. Individual judgments will be because of the scale, invite disagreement or call for amplification; but the result is fresh, stimulating, and well worth the study.

T. R. HENN

A Hermit Disclosed

By Raleigh Trevelyan. Longmans. 30s.

Doubtless in the long story of hermitry there are more intriguing examples than Jimmy Mason, the hermit of Great Canfield in Essex; but there can have been few who were more fortunate in their biographers. Mr. Raleigh Trevelyan has brought to the study of his hermit hero a thoroughness and objectivity altogether exceptional in such cases, and the result is a book that is as exciting as it is illuminating—exciting because, as we watch him chasing his clues here, there, and everywhere, we really do wonder what will happen next; and illuminating because, as it turns out, what we have been enjoying is as much a realist portrait of the humbler aspects of village life at the turn of the century as it is a revelation of Jimmy himself.

Mr. Trevelyan's curiosity was first roused when, as a youth during the war years, he happened to live for a while in a house once occupied by the hermit who, now in his eighties, was barricaded in a tin hut in another part of the village. Searching for frozen pipes in the loft the young Trevelyan stumbled on Jimmy's diary for the years 1895-7. The find was enough to startle anybody, let alone a sensitive youth living in the hermit's own village and well aware of the sensation the old man had occasioned not only locally but nationally. Once the war was over (and Jimmy dead) he decided to unravel the tangled tale. Little did he realize then that he was about to begin a journey of detection that would ultimately become an obsession and lead him into many strange and devious ways. In all he interviewed over 20 people, from cottager to squire, parson to mortuary attendant. Microscopically he examined every likely document, from parish records to local newspapers. He even called in the aid of astrologer, psychiatrist, graphologist, medium and psychometrist.

Lest all this be thought somewhat excessive it should be said at once that the diary, though brief, was an astonishing (even a unique) affair. Not surprisingly, the scraps of scribble so carefully revealed that sex and religion were the chief

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shment on which Jimmy's oddities fed. told of divine visitations and Holy Lights Black Dogs, of attempts at poisoning and ies everywhere. Strange hates and stranger were hinted at. Jimmy allowed the world me no closer than what he could see of ough his telescope and the various peep- in his barricade. Even Fanny, the erious woman in the case, was mostly com- cated with by gifts left at the pond by orner of his garden—roses, sweet williams, ables, fruit, and even (suspiciously at her st) money. As for spying, Jimmy did quite

a bit himself and some of the incidents he describes might have come straight out of T. F. Powys:

Lillie got up and lay across Boy's legs and did ask him such questions. She said 'Do you want me?' She asked Boy that twice. Boy only answered as if in temper. Said to Lillie 'What the devil do you want, gal?' Then went and stood at Easter's gate by holly stub. Lillie said 'Let's go down chest'. They went down, and could hear them talking a little. Then they left off and all was so still for three-quarters of an hour.

Extraordinary as the diary itself is, however,

the final interest of *A Hermit Disclosed* is in the dance Mr. Trevelyan was led in his attempts to elucidate it and so lay bare the hermit's secret. Rarely, outside police investigations, can a few chance-found bits of paper have occasioned more thorough detective work; and yet, in the end, Jimmy evaded his pursuer. The last grim chuckle is with the hermit, whose secret (if he ever had one) all the batteries of modern methods of interrogation and examination could not dislodge from behind the barricade of silence and untouchability where he elected to conceal it. The hermit in all of us should be grateful.

C. HENRY WARREN

New Novels

The Pursuit of the Prodigal. By Louis Auchincloss. Gollancz. 16s.

Friday's Footprint. By Nadine Gordimer. Gollancz. 16s.

Breakdown. By John Bratby. Hutchinson. 25s.

ENGLAND, WHEN SERIOUS novelists, such as Wilson and Anthony Powell, want to of class and manners, they feel they have so from outside, as the curators of some anthropological museum. In America they till able to write from within the social which they describe. Louis Auchincloss to me a worthy minor successor of Henry s and Edith Wharton, and I enjoyed his novel a great deal. His theme is the man sed with integrity, who will not say more e means and whom nothing will persuade mpromise with his scruples—but who, on ther hand, is quite ready simply to run a situation altogether to preserve his ned integrity.

is the strength of this tradition of novel- ing that there is a character (the hero's d wife) who has the awareness and o make this latter point at the author's level of intelligence. The wit dis- d by the characters—for instance the s unspoken thought about his mistress: ad to concede it was hard on her. She had so desperately to identify her boredom with ebellion and to bind the two together with rittle cord of sex'—is of the same kind as it that the author plays off against them, a hich is always catching them out in little s of self-persuasion. 'Had she been brought Parmelee Cove', reflects the hero's second aggrievedly when her husband insists they give house-room to her noisy younger , 'how willingly would she have enter- d her relations! But to be expected to do uch for the Streets was simply an imposi- It wasn't snobbishness, was it, if one ely disliked one's family?'

e echoes of Edith Wharton inevitably ring r thinly: the hero's rebellion against the d evasions and worship of 'niceness' of his ited upper-class social code cannot have dramatic meaning because the code itself enfeebled: where the code still has real and so where Auchincloss can make ic capital out of it, is in its atavistic hold its professed rebels, like his bohemian and cipated literary hostess whose favourite g is still the Social Register: 'Anstiss was s happy to show how detailed her study of nemy had been'. James's influence, largely

stylistic, has been very fruitful. Auchincloss has a very Jamesian trick when describing people of picturing the probable attitude of the beholder: 'Mrs. Doremus was handsome in a heavy, forward way; her big nose, her big black eyebrows, her large white teeth and raised jaw made people first introduced to her glance nervously about for a means of egress'. It is part of a general habit of watching for attitude, of searching for the expression on the countenance of situations.

The South African novelist Nadine Gordimer is a most humane and satisfying writer and the brief Chekhovian short story form suits her very well. She is broad in her range of characters, though narrow in the kind of interest she finds in them. What she looks for is moments of emotional crisis and illumination. A place and a group of people are quickly assembled and then, at the expected moment from a formal point of view, but in a natural and unpredictable way, significance is revealed and a character (or the reader for him) is faced with the hidden shape of a whole life. The last paragraph very often summarizes and frames the story, as in 'The Last Kiss', the account of a neglected and broken old man, at some forgotten period a prominent citizen and mayor, but now an unnoticed effigy of himself, who suddenly kisses a schoolgirl on a train: 'It was as if the town's only statue, a shabby thing of an obscure general on a horse, standing in a dusty park and scrawled over by urchins, were to have been observed, bleeding'. The form works particularly well in the title story. The blush which suddenly overwhelms the aging baby-faced hotel proprietress when her young husband carelessly says the word that holds up their marriage as the vulgar misalliance it has always really been, is a dramatic stroke that everything in the story has prepared us for.

In two stories she takes a life-career or story of 'grandeur et décadence' as in 'The Last Kiss', but instead of summing it up in a single revelatory incident writes it out at length. These do not come off so well. Telling a life-story in a series of carefully spaced glimpses means that the observer has always to be giving dull and implausible reasons why he only meets the hero at such long intervals. 'When people sift away out of your life, you lose the sense of the length of intervals between hearing of them; years

sometimes seem like months . . .', etc. Her longest story suffers rather badly from technical platitude for this reason.

John Bratby's novel tells how a successful artist, James Brady, who paints giant stripy canvases in pigment half an inch thick, feels discontented with his success, his admirable wife and charming child, and goes off in search of degradation. He has a grotesque affair with a neurotic art-student, who becomes a prostitute and eventually kills herself. He explores vicious Chelsea and sinful Piccadilly, wanders off to Cornwall, and becomes a tramp. Years pass, and with them a succession of further prostitutes. Having plumbed the depths, he writes to his wife saying he thinks it's time he came home; does so; and begins an affair with an art-student. . . .

Nothing could be less like Bratby's novel than this summary of it; but then the novel isn't much like anything else. Frankly, Bratby has written an inconceivably bad book. All the same, it is interesting to puzzle out what he was trying to do, and the answer, I believe, is that he wanted to write a new kind of nursery story, a sort of *Jumbo in Whoreland*. The fairy-tale-like quality of Brady's conversations with his innumerable unbelievable prostitutes would make sense if these were anthropomorphized nursery animals, with furry tails and wings poking out of their frocks and jackets, as in the comics. This is what the prose style seems to be aiming at, too, with its 'dear readers' and tiny clauses and sentences joined by elementary conjunctions (so that one starts expecting the big words to be divided up by hyphens). The formless and spasmodic plot, again, is the kind belonging to bedtime tale-telling. I am sure all this is what Bratby had in mind, and the gay illustrations confirm it; and looked at in that way some bits of the book do have charm. I was delighted with the mad paintress, an Edward Lear-like parody of the kitchen-sink school, who finds her best subject in lavatory pans, 'dabbling furiously at her canvas as the water poured down the white glistening sides of the pan', shouting at her landlord 'Rubens's pornographic "Rape of the Sabines"—Great Art—Subject Matter irrelevant and Painting is the aim, you old fool!' But what strange race of children can it be that Bratby is writing for?

P. N. FURBANK

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Show Biz

I AM NOT SURE where I keep my hackles, but a certain couple of syllables ensure their sharp ascension: Show Biz. It is a very natural reaction, the reaction of the not quite captive customer to whom the product has been grossly oversold. In a certain type of programme (which a delicate nose soon learns to detect at a distance, but which occupies a surprising proportion of viewing-time), the words 'celebrity', 'personality', 'distinguished' sound like warning-bells: they refer solely to persons engaged in the entertainment industry. 'A distinguished panel' means a leading man, a comedian's feed, a pop-singer, and two dumb actresses with low-cut necklines. No industry, one may feel, is so self-regarding, self-consuming, self-contained: none so signally fails to peer beyond its own confines.

That is not quite fair. A complacent insularity is a feature of closed communities in general rather than of entertainment in particular. Other industries give themselves luncheons and slap each other on the back. Other industries, to look at the bright reverse, raise large sums for charity, though I am prepared to believe that none present quite so shining an example in this respect as the entertainment world. The difference is, of course, that by means of the unique methods at its disposal, show biz is able to thrust itself down the communal throat.

We had not one but two prime examples of this last Thursday evening. The Variety Club of Great Britain had been giving themselves a slap-up luncheon at the Savoy and a lot of medals. The Grand Order of Water Rats had been giving themselves a slap-up

luncheon at the Mayfair and an honorary companionship to Prince Philip. In spite of the cloying atmosphere of teeth and christian-names, one must in all fairness record the great advantage that these functions possess over all others to which they are otherwise comparable: all the speakers can speak—that, after all, is their profession. Among a number of sparkling performances one remembers with particular gratitude that of Ted Ray, at the Water Rats, who sailed deliciously close to the royal wind: 'Of course we in show business have to pay a great deal of attention to publicity, we treat photo-



'Matters of Medicine' on March 8: a child being immunised against diphtheria



Murder by Neglect, a film made by Stephen Peet and seen on March 6: a village in western Sicily with open sewers down the street



'Child's-Eye View' of a bedroom, seen in 'Family Affairs' on March 10

graphers as practically one of the family. But [aside to Prince Philip] you will understand what I mean'.

Murder by Neglect was a notable film on the work of Danilo Dolci in combating the desperate poverty of western Sicily. This was no affair of starry-eyed charity: education was the first necessity, not grants. The emphasis was on waste—waste of energy, waste of land, waste (through the machinations of the Mafia) of men. The peasants were themselves in part responsible for their plight: ignorant, doggedly reactionary, they did not even understand so elementary a principle as the manuring of land—their animal refuse is thrown away or burnt. The compassion of Dolci is of course immeasurably enhanced for being clear-sighted, and understanding increases the sense of tragedy rather than diminishes

it. One must add that the photography was beautiful and sound-track, of native Sicilian music, one of the most memorable I have heard for a very long time.

'Matters of Medicine' was first of a series roughly comparable to 'Lifeline'. I am sorry I was unable to report more favourably but it seemed to me notably ing in entertainment value. Its moral content was unexceptionable but the material was dull and presentation pedestrian, lacking attack or freshness. A dreary half hour: 'A Consultation with a Physician' should study the methods of 'A Consultant Psychiatrist'. 'Family Affairs' with comparable matters altogether more lively. Paul and Jean Ritter were interesting on the 'child's-eye view' with models of telephones, chairs and all sorts of everyday objects magnified two and a times to the sizes at which

must appear to an infant. One rejected the implied conclusion however that such ought to be scaled down in the nurse's child-size: surely that shadowy world of furniture is one of the rich sources of imaginative adult life? One knows how small when one is a child, and that is part of the fun and experience of being one: if, thing, we shall be having only trained nurses as nursemaids.

Chan Canasta (March 9) brought off a so remarkable that it deserves recording. His victim to think of a card: merely to pick one. He then himself, with some cogitation, selected eight cards from the pack and laid them face down before the victim. The victim named his card and, selecting one out of eight, found that it was indeed that card. Bearing in mind that Canasta had to choose eight before the naming, and that he touched them after, it seems to me that feat, slipped in without special emphasis to the beginning of his programme, is staggering and in a different class from previous achievements, remarkably infrequent though they have been.

HILARY CO

RAMA

Angry Young Men

THOSE DISTANT DAYS before the Mitford list and the phrases 'angry young man' and 'the establishment' had been banished from polite conversation, the task of tracing the stage of Jimmy Porter attained the status of a minor industry.

Most heavily tipped of all the forerunners was Les Malleeson's *The Fanatics*—so heavily, indeed, that the management of the Royal Court Theatre were at pains to persuade Mr. Malleeson to attend the first night of *Look Back in Anger* at a ceremonial moment of contact between two moments of post-war protest. Both plays were produced roughly ten years after their respective wars had ended; and, like its successor, *The Fanatics* launches a bloodthirsty attack 'all the old ideas . . . all the old men' still in power, and resounds from end to end with a shrill note of megalomania emitted by a protagonist who hogs the centre of the stage and abuses the supporting company to monosyllabic bursts of encouragement.

To press the comparison any further than this would be unfair to *The Fanatics* for its aims are much more polemical than literary. In common with the great mass of writing that came out of the first war, it expresses a public emotion, its concern is with the typical, not with the individual. Delicate matters of characterization and plot construction are overridden in the fury of staging a show-down between those who had fought the war and those who saw its ending only as a return to business as usual.

Back from the trenches John Freeman runs head-on collision with his father who demands filial obedience, and with his bride-to-be insists on sexual restraint. Both are incurably block-headed, and their mean little world is robust enough to withstand three acts of accumulated spleen. Spleen, in fact, is all; he may talk about reform, and the need to combine fanaticism with humanity, but his only tentative resolution is to 'write articles'. Refusal to go back to the office is what counts. Nor does his revolt break through the class barrier; taking up with a chorus girl to gain experience and then dropping her with an affectionate nod he behaves precisely as his father would have done. In spite of the pitched battles, the impact is curiously timid and inconclusive; the arguments have an air of undergraduate



Sally Home as Gwen Freeman and Laurence Payne as Colin Mackenzie in *The Fanatics* on March 13

theorizing, and none is carried through into any act seriously challenging the *status quo*.

Terence Dudley's production staunchly resisted the temptation to introduce echoes of the nineteen-fifties into what is essentially a period piece. As John, William Russell cut an upright gentlemanly figure without redbrick overtones: even when rounding on his father he was following the approved rules for 'standing up for oneself like a man'. Peter Stephens, as the father, presented an irresistible target—petulant, domineering, and porcine—one of a vanished tribe who live on in the theatre. Among the otherwise colourless women's performances I enjoyed Naomi Chance's glowingly feminine display of a bachelor girl telling all.

I have been fooled once already by Rosemary Anne Sisson. Her last comedy, *The Vagrant Heart*, had me awaiting a fearful outcome almost until the end, and after that experience I was steeled against being taken in by *Home and the Heart* (March 12). As it turned out no defence was needed. Miss Sisson calls the play 'an outrageous comedy', and the label sticks. In it she falls victim to the characteristic vice of women humorists—piling on the laughs at the expense of everything else. How many hopeful talents have been lost in this way, down the slippery slope of light articles and semi-autobiographical novels crammed with hilarious incident and written in a deadly monotone of wry self-deprecation.

Like the last play, *Home and the Heart* is a *comédie noire*. It takes place in the farm of a Welsh poacher whom the police suspect of having murdered an inveterate enemy after a pub brawl. He could have done it, for Miss Sisson spares no pains to make him a complete blackguard. Yet the situation never gets off the ground, for murder lies outside the play's idiom, and evidence points so conclusively at the suspect that, by all the laws of detective fiction, he is bound to be innocent. What remains is a portrait of an anarchic household in which the all-too-broad farce of a Shakespeare-struck daughter (she even elocutes it under the table) is at odds with the genuine desire of the frustrated son to have his father convicted. There is some sweet Welsh comedy in the mother's part; but otherwise the impression is brutish and arbitrary in a

way that owes little to observation of life. Eric Tayler's production contained some really outlandish hamming, and one nicely turned performance by Madoline Thomas.

Hancock is back and the streets lie deserted on Friday evenings. On the two brilliant programmes in the new series I have a couple of comments. I hope that Simpson and Galton will give more scope to Hancock's hitherto unexploited powers as a mime, revealed last week in his silent recital of the whole plot of a whodunnit. Secondly I regret that the various synonyms for 'nose' ('bracket', 'hooter', etc.) have disappeared from the scripts: in the past these became the focus of comic references usually associated with taboo areas of the body, thus bringing a great range of private comedy out into the open.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Look, no Script

The Tent, by JOHN MCGRATH (Third, March 10), was announced as an experiment in improvisation, previously tried out at the Royal Court Theatre. The playwright wrote for actors whom he had seen at work, and provided them and their producer or director with a basic script of situation, character, and plot which left scope for individual and spontaneous variation. Essentially, of course, this is no new thing in the theatre. Authors have had trouble in getting actors to speak only what is set down for them, have kept the special talents of individual performers in mind when setting it down, and have gladly or grudgingly accepted revisions in their sacred texts from virtuosos, impresarios, and play-doctors—some of them quacks. Ideally, dramatists should be men of the theatre who need neither have to fight nor be educated by the players. In practice the balance of power between study and stage is about as safe as it is in international politics.

I cannot know how much of the broadcast version of *The Tent* belongs to Mr. McGrath and how much to David Andrews as Private Saul or Ian Bannen as Captain Dann. The situation was that Saul had shot an Egyptian who had been lured into becoming a target with a packet of cigarettes thrown by the officer, who had a nauseatingly playful attitude to the killing of what he insisted on calling 'Wogs'. An official inquiry was inevitable, in which the soldier could be sure of being exonerated if he kept quiet about the setting of the death-trap. But in revulsion from the killing he is ready to confess everything. The body of the play consists of an argument between Saul and the sadistic captain after which the soldier agrees to keep quiet.

Much of the talk was repetitive and irrelevant to the immediate situation—plausibly enough. Saul's self-disgust and reckless hatred of the man who had drawn him on into a murderous 'game' of initiation was credible, and so was the weakness which after a burst of threatening and self-pity puts him to silence. But I could not accept the process of conversion, the dramatic logic of the seduction scene. Sadist and masochist alternated the parts of cat and mouse neatly enough, but then the nasty captain promised his driver a happy holiday visiting the Valley of the Moon and Jerusalem in a long, ripe, excellently delivered speech, and the victim crumpled. We were given hints about the morbid and presumably unconsciously perverted relationship between officer and man, but they were neither ordered nor clarified enough. Either the writer or the performers allowed a 'sensitive' uninterrupted travelogue to seem to be the turning point of an all-in wrestling match. The dialogue was generally taut and in character but



Hancock (centre) and Sidney James (left) pay a visit to the East Cheam public library in *Hancock's Half-Hour* on March 11

haziness of motivation and looseness in the timing of crises spoilt a promising play.

For cunningly calculated movement of story and mood *The Guilt of King Polycrates* (Third, March 8) was a model. A semi-classical tale with a threatening moral for those who might be having it too good, it was written in quick, speakable verse which rarely reached the dignity of poetry but was given colour and depth by admirable songs, choruses and incidental music by Humphrey Searle. The legend of the piratical king whose unduly consistent good luck was sure to rouse the envy of the gods is far more comic than tragic. Michael Hordern made Polycrates an amiable devil, aggressive, sardonic, superstitious and bland. You couldn't blame him for trying to beat the book by 'losing' a precious ring or for deciding that omens couldn't apply to him when it came back in a sturgeon. The mourning over his eventual capture and execution, however, struck me as altogether too passionately solemn, though elegantly spoken by his daughter Argeia (June Tobin). Amasis (Leon Quartermaine) and Anacreon (Kenneth Dight) gave conflicting advice about the consequences of excessive good fortune with great urbanity.

William Gerhard's novel *The Polyglots*, as dramatized by Lance Sieveking (Home, March 7) came out as a mixture of hectic farce and domestic comedy with a few sudden patches of pathos. Placed in Japan in 1918, the characters are refugees from Belgium and from revolutionary Russia and a couple of absurd British officers. The historical background was not clearly established, but this was no documentary. Selma Vaz Dias was funny and frightening as a monstrously ruthless matriarch, and her daughter (Emma Young) cooed, charmed and was predatory as required.

Does the Team Think? (Thursday, March 10) was supposed to demonstrate that comedians can be amusing without help from script-writers. The cross-insults were lively enough but knowledge of the hobbies of the comics is needed to be able to follow them, and the answering and evasion of questions, Brains Trust fashion, is a dullish game. When they *did* answer a question about advertising, they were franker and kept closer to the point than is at all customary in supposedly serious discussion programmes.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Primitive and Civilized

THERE IS NO DOUBT that intensive listening to the spoken word gives you some hard intellectual exercise; and I have spent the last few days racing between the primitive and the civilized, the Anglo-Saxon and the contemporary, the vulgar and the decidedly urbane.

On March 6 the Third Programme gave us two new translations from the Anglo-Saxon: 'The Wanderer' and 'The Seafarer', both done into modern English by Burton Raffel. The poems were read by John Laurie and Anthony White, and I thought they passed the acid test of translation: they came over as English poems in their own right, primitive, simple, and strong. They touched me in the same way as the 'Chanson de Roland'.

From the Anglo-Saxon to the contemporary: in 'The Quest for Status' (Third Programme, March 7) Professor Asa Briggs discussed what is sometimes called the status-neurosis, the national disease of mid-twentieth-century society. He compared the quest for status in this country and America, and related national preoccupations to the profound social changes of the last hundred years or so. I wish he had explored the question of first- and second-class powers in

proper detail; but he drew some interesting graphs and parallels all the same.

On March 8 (also on the Third Programme) I heard what I should have thought impossible: a discussion that made the ordinary Third Programme sound like Ordinary Level. This was 'What Scholars have Learned from the Scrolls', a debate between three American scholars and an English one on the Dead Sea Scrolls. We were warned, of course, that they would discuss the origin of gnosticism; but there were incomprehensible moments, all the same. 'Time was, when a great scholar could claim that the gnostics mentioned by Plotinus...'. Ah well, perhaps time was. I wouldn't know. And though I was interested to hear about the new approach to the Gospel of St. John, and palaeography as a cast-iron science of dating, time was when I longed for a straight talk on it all.

Talking of Americans brings me to the debate from the Oxford Union (Home Service, March 9): 'That this House holds America responsible for spreading vulgarity in Western society'. The Union gave us a lively forty-five minutes. Vulgarity, said Mr. Paul Foot, proposing the motion, was the what-the-public-wants principle; 'popular' culture was packaged by Top People. Mr. Phillip Whitehead said that when it came to modesty, he guessed we were the tops. America was there before vulgarity, and, anyway, horror and sex had always been part of the British breakfast-table on the Sabbath. Mr. Stephen Potter spoke third, and made such a hilarious, off-beat, caustic, one-up, brilliant case for vulgarity that I couldn't take any notes; I was too busy laughing. Mr. Orson Welles spoke fourth, and delivered a grand United Nations sort of oration on America being a country where Europeans confronted one another without international borders. I was startled to hear that the motion was lost by 176 votes. I thought that S. Potter would have swept all before him. And I must say I was angry with the Fates in the basement of Broadcasting House who snipped away so much of his tape-recording.

Wherever vulgarity might be found, it was not at Wellington in the days of Dr. Benson; and I revelled in the first reading (Home Service, March 10) from *As We Were*: his son's autobiography. It plunged me into the Victorian cosmos, with all its high thinking, noble works, sentimentality, and plush-upholstered comfort. I saw the old Queen, in her funny bonnet, weeping over Prince Albert's foundation-stone at Wellington, and disapproving strongly of the tuck-shop; I saw the child's-eye view of dressing for dinner, and of dinner itself: that Victorian gourmand's paradise that makes our executive lunches look like something prescribed for slimming. Mr. Quartermaine recalled it all with appropriate grave nostalgia. A welcome period-piece.

Magazine programmes are popular now; and from time to time I have dropped in on 'Woman's Hour' to see if there was something for me in the bran-tub. I must congratulate 'Woman's Hour' on Marjorie Anderson, who introduces it all with *élan*, and has one of the nicest microphone manners of any woman on sound radio. Sometimes, I must say, the gentility of the guest-speakers has me hopping mad, and sometimes the listeners' queries (what to do with left-over porridge) leave me feeling embarrassed for my sex. But sometimes I give high marks to the programme for topicality, or for a tiny gem of a talk; and Molly Weir's 'Staying with Auntie Jeanie' (March 10) had me crying *encore!* and *bis!*

I switched on to the Home Service later that day for a more exotic programme: Mr. Gerald Durrell's third talk on his expedition to Argentina. It whisked me from Glaswegian childhood to the most primitive life in a tropical forest, where peccaries and tapirs roamed, and blood-

sucking bats attacked man and horse by I left Mr. Durrell homeward bound for Jersey Zoo with sixty crates of curious animals. I wish I had heard his first two programmes; his last one was matter-of-fact and (even fifteen minutes, the most awkward length for talk) it managed to be absorbing.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Fringe Atonality

HAVING had just recently a much more generous diet than usual of the stream serial composers, we were in a better position to appreciate this week the work of two peripheral figures. Geographically peripheral, as well as musically, for though both were studied in Berlin, both belonged essentially to their native countries—Nicos Skalkotas in Greece and Fartein Valen to Norway. Valen's Third Symphony (all five of his symphonies were written in the last fifteen years of his life) was given its first English performance last night (March 12, Third Programme) by the London Symphony Orchestra under Øivin Fjellberg, who had directed its original performance in Norway too. I suppose it must have been Reger that Valen imbibed his trust in composition as a sufficient motive force for large symphonic structures, but from his music has vanished even the harmonic rhythm which helps to keep Reger's flowing. The deliberate atonal melodic lines ramble towards and away from one another, and sometimes collide. A little sense of impulse or of form emerges from the endings of at least two of the four movements took me completely by surprise. In this symphony merely confirmed the impression made on me by the few other pieces of music I had heard—that of a refined but severely limited composer, a sort of atonal Faure.

I know still less of the music of Nicos Skalkotas—some of the arrangements of dances (rather like Bartók's folk-dance arrangements), a few small chamber works and an *Andante sostenuto* that is apparently the surviving movement of a piano concerto. I had heard only once before, and in a rather poor performance at that, yet when it turned up last week it carried that sense of instant revelation that only first-rate music arouses. This is a much better account of the music, than Lamar Crowson and the Goldsbrough Orchestra under Walter Goehr, and to my mind it eclipses the other works in the programme (March 7): Hindemith's rather arid chamber violin concerto, Bliss's *Rout and Regret*, and *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* suite. A year or so ago we seemed to hear a good deal about Skalkotas, the Schönberg pupil who had gone back to fiddle-playing in Athens and left at his premature death in 1949 a whole mass of unpublished music. I hope very much that the arbiters of musical fashion have not decided that already outmoded, before we have had a chance to hear more than a handful of his work.

The programme of seventeenth-century English music (Third, March 9) proved rather disappointing. The best thing about it was certainly James Dalton's organ-playing—firm and articulated if a little rigid rhythmically. The firmness was precisely the quality that was lacking from the B.B.C. Chorus's singing of the 'Mass' by Schütz. Heavy and conflicting, unfocused tone and the lack of any tension combined to give an impression of complete spinelessness.

One of the best of the smaller groups that abound in London is the Schola Polyphona. Not only because it contains the right number of the right kind of voices (many of its singers can be found in other groups too) but because its conductor, Henry Washington, has a pro-

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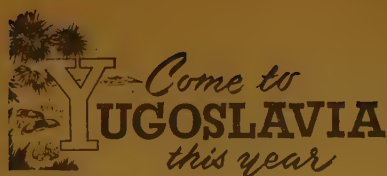
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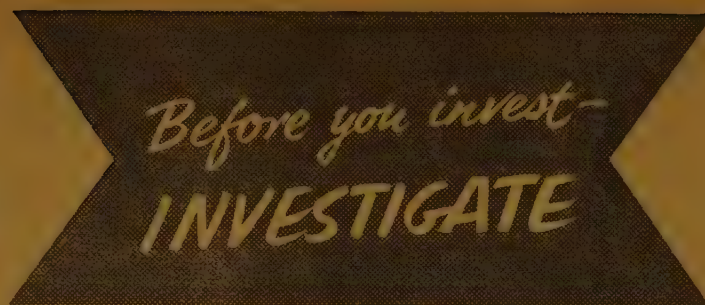
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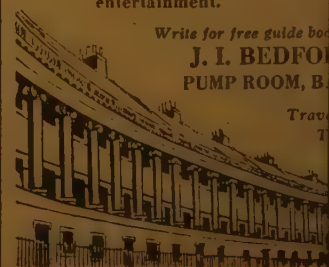
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Travel



understanding of the sixteenth-century idiom. Any confirmation of this were needed, was provided by the four motets in the Thursday Invitation Concert' on the following evening (Third, March 10)—exquisitely and meaningful singing. Machaut's Mass, I have to admit, was less convincing. This was partly because the editor had with best of intentions made certain compromises in order to make the work more palatable to modern audiences: in fact the anachronistic use of chorus and the over-variegated instrumentation (but why no organ?) distracted one from the virtuoso vocal parts that should be in the front throughout the work. Washington's approach to it was also a little too humane, leading into the music expressive implications I cannot believe it really contains.

Quite what the expressive implications of Boulez's second *Improvisation sur Mallarmé* may be I had no idea, if indeed it has any. What is at once obvious is that this is a more sensuous, less tightly composed piece than *Le Marteau sans Maître*, which may perhaps be why some of my colleagues view it with less favour. One thing that can be said is that the performance by the New Music Ensemble under John Carewe was exceptionally accurate—as far as the music is strictly notated at all. Dorothy Dorow in particular performed prodigies of accurate intonation.

Finally, a word about the fourth of Hans Keller's 'Functional Analyses', this time of Haydn's D major quartet, Op. 64, No. 5 (Third, March 11). There can be few musicians who are not aware by now that in these composed glosses

on the original music Keller is attempting not merely to demonstrate the 'background structure' which gives the music's contrasting elements their unity, but to make us experience it more fully. This particular 'F.A.' seemed to me at times too obviously demonstrative, but this is clearly an objection that has occurred to Keller too, since he tells me that later 'Functional Analyses' (and indeed the second half of this one) were more freely, less didactically composed. Even so I am not convinced that the background relationships which certainly exist in a work of this kind can be satisfactorily or definitively expressed as a temporal structure at all, except of course as an expansion of the original structure. It is only in this sense that I cannot help wondering whether 'the music behind the music' is really music at all.

JEREMY NOBLE

Berlioz and the Comic Muse

By WINTON DEAN

'Beatrice and Benedict' will be broadcast at 7.55 p.m. on Sunday, March 20 (Third)



IT IS REMARKABLE that two of the greatest nineteenth-century composers should each have ended a long and adventurous career with a Shakespearean comedy. Berlioz and Verdi were lifelong admirers of Shakespeare; both had concentrated on tragic subjects, including some based on their favourite dramatist (between them they touched the entire range of tragedies apart from the Roman plays of *Timon*); in each case the single comedy came at the very end, and disclosed a new meaning of youth in age. *Beatrice and Benedict* and *Falstaff* share that mixture of ironic treatment with an undercurrent of deep emotion that marks the finest exploits of the comic muse.

Berlioz had contemplated a 'lively opera' on *Shakespeare's Ado about Nothing* as early as 1833, but did not begin it till 1860, on a commission from the impresario at Baden-Baden. He treated it as a holiday task after *The Trojans*, the work at first went so easily that he did not wait to finish one piece before beginning the next; it was later interrupted by illness and not completed till early in 1862. The opera was well received at Baden-Baden in August that year, at Weimar in 1863, but did not reach Paris till 1890. This would not have surprised Berlioz, who described it as 'not Parisian music' and, in equal truth, as 'a caprice written with the tip of a needle' and 'one of the most spirited and original' of his works. It is, however, surprising that an opera of such quality on a subject should have waited ninety-eight years for its first stage performance in London (though Bernard Shaw did recommend it to D'Oyly Carte in 1892).

Berlioz wrote his own libretto, translating much of the dialogue from Shakespeare. He drastically shortened the play, omitting Don Pedro's intrigue against Hero's honour and the satirical humours of Dogberry and Verges, thereby leaving too little plot—a rare fault in a libretto based on a literary original. In their place he added a characteristic figure of his own, the court musician Somarone (meaning 'great key'), who rehearses and performs an acrobatic fugue in honour of the Sicilian victory. Berlioz could never resist a hit at the pedants, including certain teachers at the Conservatoire who had vexed him in youth. In life we can only blame him, for few great artists have so despitely used in their own country; he happily allowed it to impair his art. The acrobatic fugue in *The Damnation of Faust* scores a hit on the same target, but Somarone is

an intrusive irrelevance and his music is by far the weakest in the score. It is tempting to suppose that without him *Beatrice and Benedict* might have made a satisfactory one-act opera (which was the original plan), or that if Berlioz had developed the Hero-Claudio side of the story he might have written a comic masterpiece. But his congenital weakness would probably have found him out.

He could never shape his larger works as structural unities; instead he built them up as a series of tableaux, loosely connected or entirely detached, hoping that the total would be greater than the sum of the parts. Of course it never is, though the episodes are often as original and dynamic in design as they are penetrating in content: witness the first duet for Beatrice and Benedict and the male trio in Act I. The *opéra comique* form, with the musical numbers separated by spoken dialogue, favoured Berlioz's method; but he nearly squandered this advantage by concentrating at the wrong points. The trio in Act I of *Benvenuto Cellini* shows what a brilliant musical *tour de force* he might have made of the crucial scene in which Benedict overhears Claudio and Don Pedro discussing Beatrice's love for him; yet he leaves it in dialogue. Hero and Claudio are reduced to mere foils; the unfortunate Claudio, though his wedding is the mainstay of the plot, has no love music and no solo of any kind. Even the exquisite duet for Hero and Ursula at the end of Act I, which re-creates the magic world of Act IV of *The Trojans* (and which Berlioz claimed to have sketched during a speech by one of his colleagues at the Institute), is strictly irrelevant. It should have been a love-duet, with Claudio replacing Ursula; but Berlioz was fascinated by the blend of female voices, which he further exploited in the Act II trio, another lovely movement in slow 6/8 time. The coda of the duet (*ppp*), for clarinets and strings in twelve parts (four of them solo), is one of the most magical passages of orchestral sound that even Berlioz ever conceived.

The outstanding feature of the opera is the comic genius revealed in the music for the two principals. The theme of a love affair based on mutual irritation might have attracted Rossini or Offenbach. The former would doubtless have graced riotous fancy with a coating of sentiment, the latter whipped up a soufflé of frivolity. Berlioz does neither; his tone of conversational banter masks a deep underlying melancholy. In the glittering orchestration, which combines virtuosity with the texture of chamber music,

he provides a perfect counterpart for the verbal wit of the play. The mid-nineteenth century was no age for classical comedy; life (and love) was either too serious or too absurd. Berlioz treated it as real but not earnest; he both felt and mocked, and he made no allowance for self-deception. The duet-finale in which Beatrice and Benedict (trippingly accompanied by the main theme of the overture) sign a matrimonial truce but look forward to resuming hostilities on the morrow is—despite its brevity—as original, witty, and satisfying as the climactic fugue in *Falstaff*. But Berlioz's style was too dry for the sweet tooth of the period; it was scarcely safe for Verdi thirty years later to mock the sacred cow of romanticism.

Berlioz's whole career was out of step with the times. This fact, together with the Teutonic conception of musical history as an orderly progress towards higher things, accounts for much of the disparagement he has received. Here was a composer who, from early prominence among the *avant-garde*, moved ever backwards towards the classical world of Gluck, just when the giant saurians of German romanticism were beginning to wallow in the swamps created by the expansion and imminent explosion of tonality. It is easy to find links with Gluck in *Beatrice and Benedict*, for instance the first section of Hero's air '*Je vais le voir*' and the *Marche nuptiale* in Act II. It is also easy to stumble over the peculiar chromaticism that stamps even this exuberant and extrovert score with Berlioz's characteristic melancholy, notably in Beatrice's air '*Il m'en souvient*' (used in the overture) and the *Sicilienne*. Preconceived standards condemn this as ungrammatical and haphazard, just as ears hide-bound by the symmetrical phrase and the orthodox cadence are deaf to Berlioz's stature as a superlative melodist. Wagner's chromaticism, always securely founded in tonality, links Beethoven with Schönberg, and each step can be logically demonstrated. The non-structural character of Berlioz leads nowhere (his direct influence, except in orchestration, was confined to minor figures like Cornelius); it is justified only by the context.

Most of the old charges against Berlioz, which reflect nothing but the inadequacy of their authors and propagators, are conclusively disproved by the score of *Beatrice and Benedict*. If, like so much he wrote, it is a work of flawed genius, the genius is infinitely more conspicuous than the flaws. Now that the old battles are over we can appreciate its unique flavour. It is never safe to estimate a work of art by its progeny.

Gardening Club

Planting and Pruning Roses

By PERCY THROWER

FOR SOME TIME now we have heard a good deal about rose hedges. Those offered for sale have such names as *rosa canina*, *rosa multiflora*, and *rosa laxa*. These are no more than briar rootstocks normally used for budding roses on to in July. Take, for instance, the wild hedge-rose briar, the dog-rose: the habit of this tells us that it will never grow into a neatly shaped hedge, and to attempt to trim it into shape would mean no flowers. *Rosa canina* and others will form a straggly kind of hedge, and if left untrimmed will produce small, five-petalled flowers. There are many much better hedging plants than these. The floribunda roses, such as *Frensham* and *Korona*, will form a better hedge and produce fine flowers. There is still time to plant these. Hybrid tea-roses, as well as climbing and rambler roses, can still be planted too; the bush roses will begin to flower in June or July of this year.

Among varieties I like are: floribunda roses: *Korona*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Shepherd's Delight*, *Gay Crusader*, and *Masquerade*; hybrid tea-roses: *Peace*, *Perfecta*, *Lady Belper*, and *Margaret*.

We must be sure that manure or peat is dug into the soil before planting, and some organic manure, such as bone meal, mixed with the soil as well. Both floribunda and hybrid bush tea-roses can be planted two feet apart, and they will make a lasting display each year from June to October. The hole for each bush must be large enough to allow the roots to be

spread out and deep enough so that the union between the rootstock and the rose is just at or slightly below the finished soil surface. The soil must be made really firm round the roots, and this can be achieved only by treading the soil in with the feet. Standard roses require a strong



Gay Crusader—yellow with orange-scarlet on reverse of petals

stake to support their slender stems, otherwise they will be broken off by wind. Sacking a piece of rubber tyre round the stem of a rose before tying it to the stake will prevent the bark from being rubbed off. After planting, some manure or cultural peat spread over the surface of the ground will prevent the rapid drying of the soil and help to get the roses established quickly.

Climbing and rambler roses will need no pruning after planting, but bush roses will. The branches of the bush roses should be cut back to a prominent bud to eight inches above the soil; those of standard roses cut back to a bud approximately the same distance from where they branch from the main stem.

Prune the established bush and standard roses too. Cut back any thin branches growing from the base, and cut out as much of the old wood as possible in neglected roses; and cut back the branches which produced flowers last year to a prominent bud or about six to ten inches where each branch begins to grow. After pruning, sprinkle a tablespoon of complete or general fertilizer on the soil round each, and light it into the surface of the soil. A covering of manure or peat on the soil will help the established roses also. If black-spot affected the leaves of the roses last year, spray with a copper fungicide after pruning.

—From B.B.C. Television Series



Inter-University Bridge 'Quiz'—I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

LAST SUNDAY in Network Three the first round was played of a new inter-university 'quiz' in which pairs from eight universities will take part. The first encounter was between Cambridge, represented by Mr. J. D. Kendall and Mr. R. J. Payne, and Birmingham, Mr. G. A. R. Trollope and Mr. J. B. Ward.

The first part of the 'quiz' consisted of five questions all relating to the following hand:

♠ A 10 7 4 2
♥ 10 9 7 5
♦ A
♣ K Q 6

At love all you deal and bid One Spade. What would your rebid be if partner responded (a) One No Trump, (b) Two Clubs, (c) Two Diamonds?

The answers recommended were: (a) No Bid (consolation mark for Two Hearts); (b) Three Clubs; (c) Two Hearts (consolation mark for Two Spades).

The next question was the bid after One Spade — Two Diamonds; Two Hearts — Three Diamonds. Here there is no argument but that the opener should pass.

Finally, assume that partner has opened One Club and you respond One Spade. Partner re-

bids Two Diamonds. What should you say now? This is a strong sequence on the opener's part and Four Clubs was adjudged best, with consolation for a slam try of Four No Trumps or a direct Six Clubs.

On this part of the 'quiz' Cambridge scored 15 out of 20, Birmingham 13. Mr. Kendall, for Cambridge, had a personal score of 10 and Mr. Trollope, for Birmingham, of 9.

The next test was to bid the following hands in partnership:

WEST	EAST
♠ A 3	♠ K Q J 6 4
♥ A K 9 7 5	♥ J 10
♦ Q 6 4	♦ —
♣ A 9 3	♣ Q J 7 5 4 2

West is the dealer at love all. First, the Cambridge pair bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Kendall	Mr. Payne
1 H	2 C
2 NT	3 S
4 C	4 H
6 C	No

This excellent auction was matched by their opponents:

WEST	EAST
1 H	2 C
2 NT	3 S
4 C	6 C
No	

The judges expressed themselves in favour of a rebid of Three No Trumps by West over the Two Club response, but had no other criticism.

With Cambridge leading by 25 to 23, the question was on play. Assuming that you are Six Clubs on the hand above, how do you play the trump suit after a diamond lead?

Obviously there are no losers outside the trump suit and in this suit a perfect safety play is to cross to dummy and lead a low card from A 9 3 towards the Q J 7 5 4 2. South will win the King and declarer can later finesse dummy's Queen. If South has the void the play is simple: the Queen wins, then a low card led to the Ace and the 9 returned.

One player on each side gave the right answer and one gave an answer that is half right and half wrong. That loses when the hand was K 10 8 6.

Five points were awarded for the correct answer, 2 for the other. Thus Cambridge retained its lead, winning by 32 to 28, an excellent performance by both pairs.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Frosted Almond Sponge

FOR THE SPONGE mixture you will need:

- 4 eggs
- 6 oz. of caster sugar
- 3 oz. of butter
- 5 oz. of self-raising flour
- 2 oz. of finely chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of vanilla essence
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt

Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs, beat the whites stiffly. Gradually add the sugar and egg yolks, beat for two or three minutes, then stand the basin over a pan of hot water and beat until very light and creamy in colour and thick in texture; this takes a good ten minutes. Sift the flour and salt three times, and soften the butter to a creamy consistency. Fold the flour and the softened butter alternately into the egg mixture with the vanilla essence and chopped walnuts. Put into two well-greased eight-inch sandwich tins. Bake just above the centre of a moderately hot oven—Gas Mark 5 or 400-425° F. for thirty to thirty-five minutes. Turn carefully on to a wire cake tray. When cold, sandwich together with the filling and coat all over with frosting and decorate with the halved walnuts.

For the filling you will need:

- 3 tablespoons of apricot jam
- 3 tablespoons of ground almonds
- 1 tablespoon of finely chopped walnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of almond essence

Rub the jam through a coarse strainer or beat

to a pulp. Add the ground almonds, walnuts, and almond essence. Mix well before spreading on cake.

For the frosting take:

- 2 egg whites
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (12 oz.) of caster or granulated sugar
- 2 tablespoons of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon of lemon juice (or a few drops of almond or vanilla essence)
- Halved walnuts to decorate

Place the egg-whites, sugar, water, and the cream of tartar in a basin. Stand this over a pan of boiling water and whisk briskly until the mixture stands up in peaks: this takes from seven to twelve minutes. Remove from the heat,

add the lemon juice or vanilla or almond essence. Continue beating until slightly cooled and very thick. Spread over the top and sides of the cake, and rough up with a fork if desired. Decorate with walnuts.

AUDREY TOMS

—'Television Cookery Club'

Living on a diet is not fun, but it can become much more pleasant when one can draw on the skill and experience of a dietician who is also an imaginative cook. *The Complete Cookery Book for Diabetics*, by Iris Holland Rogers (C. K. Lewis and Co., Ltd., for the British Diabetic Association, 6s.) provides recipes for dishes that attract the eye and the palate while keeping a constant watch on the balance of carbohydrates, proteins, and fat.

Notes on Contributors

ERIK NOHARA (page 482): an assistant editor of *Der Monat*, editor of *Standpunkt*, a West German students' magazine

C. J. HAMSON (page 489): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University; Barrister-at-Law; Benchers of Gray's Inn; editor, *Cambridge Law Journal*; author of *Law Reform and Law Making*

L. P. KIRWAN, C.M.G. (page 491): Director and Secretary, Royal Geographical Society; editor, *Geographical Journal*; author (with Walter B. Emery) of *The Excavations and Survey between Wadi Es-Sebua and Adindan, 1929-31* and *The White Road*

JACK GOULD (page 495): radio and television critic of *The New York Times*; author of *All about Radio and Television* (1953)

L. D. ETLINGER (page 504): Durning-Lawrence Professor of the History of Art, University College, London

WINTON DEAN (page 517): critic and musicologist; author of *Bizet, Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques*, etc.

PERCY THROWER (page 518): Park Superintendent at Shrewsbury; regular host for 'Gardening Club'; author of *In the Flower Garden with Percy Thrower and Gardening and Garden Tools*

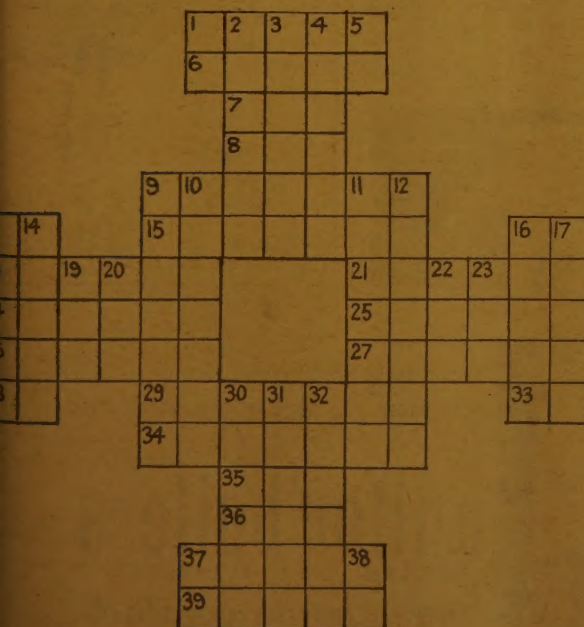
Crossword No. 1,555

Crossfig

By Rex Kinder

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d., respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 24. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



CLUES—ACROSS

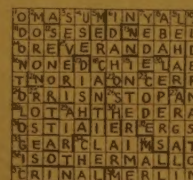
1. $10(a^2 - b^2) + \frac{c+1}{2}$
6. $5(a^2 + \frac{g+h}{9})$
7. $e + f + 1$
8. $a + h$
9. $h^2 + 10(e^2 + 1) - a^2$
13. $\sqrt{a^2}$
15. $2(h^2 - g^2)$
16. \sqrt{d}
18. $e^2 + f^2$
21. $8f^2 + 11(a + d)$
24. $(e^2 + f^2) - 2(d + h) - 5$
25. $3\{(e^2 + f^2) - (\frac{3}{2}d^2 + 3a + 40)\}$
26. $f\{5\sqrt{a}g - 3(\sqrt{a})\} + g$
27. $\frac{1}{2}(h^2 - f^2) - (g^2 + 22)$
28. $a + b$
29. $3(3h^2 + 5(a^2 - b^2) - 16)$
33. $2b - \frac{1}{2}(\sqrt{a})$
34. $7(h^2 - c^2) + bd^2 - \{8(c + h) + c + \frac{d}{6}\}$
35. $a(b - \sqrt{a}) + b$
36. $b + d$
37. $\frac{1}{2}e^2 + 2(2a + b)$
39. $4g^2$

DOWN

1. $\frac{a}{2}$
2. $(h - b)(h + b) - (b + 1)$
3. $h^2 - e^2$

4. $(h^2 - d^2) + 1$
5. $b + 1$
9. $2(h^2 - f^2)$
10. $12(h^2 - a^2) + 2(g + 1)$
11. $d^2 + e^2$
12. $g^2(10d + 9)$
13. $3a^2$
14. $3d^2 - 5$
16. $\frac{h^2 + 13}{2b}$
17. d^2
19. $c + e$
20. $2(b + c)$
22. b^2
23. c
30. $c^2 + e^2$
31. f^2
32. $(h^2 - f^2) - (e - 2)$
37. $b + \frac{a}{2}$
38. $g + 5$

Solution of No. 1,553



NOTES

The stroke shows where the missing letters are:

Across: 1. Ro/b; 6. camera/s; 11. re/quire; 13. s/lowed; 14. ch/a; 15. co/at; 16. bea/ver; 18. cat/on; 21. ju/ntas; 22. pat/e; 24. min/k; 26. war-d/iary; 28. pe/as; 30. wis/ti; 31. came/ras; 32. ice-b/ound; 33. bo/th; 34. pro/a; 36. th/e factor; 37. I/do; 38. char/gers.

Down: 1. Go/al; 2. tre/c; 3. the/ses; 4. M/um; 5. fir/s; 6. pa/usc; 7. de/n; 8. c/retin; 9. sing/le; 10. b/y; 12. ri/der; 17. du/ly; 19. pr/ess; 20. pensi/ons; 23. en/d; 25. prim/ates; 26. speak/ing; 27. pyg/my; 29. oi/hat; 34. Mar/s; 35. char/ing.

1st prize: A. W. Aspinall (Chester); 2nd prize: Miss R. L. Saw (Carshalton); 3rd prize: Mrs Aileen Woods (Hayes)

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